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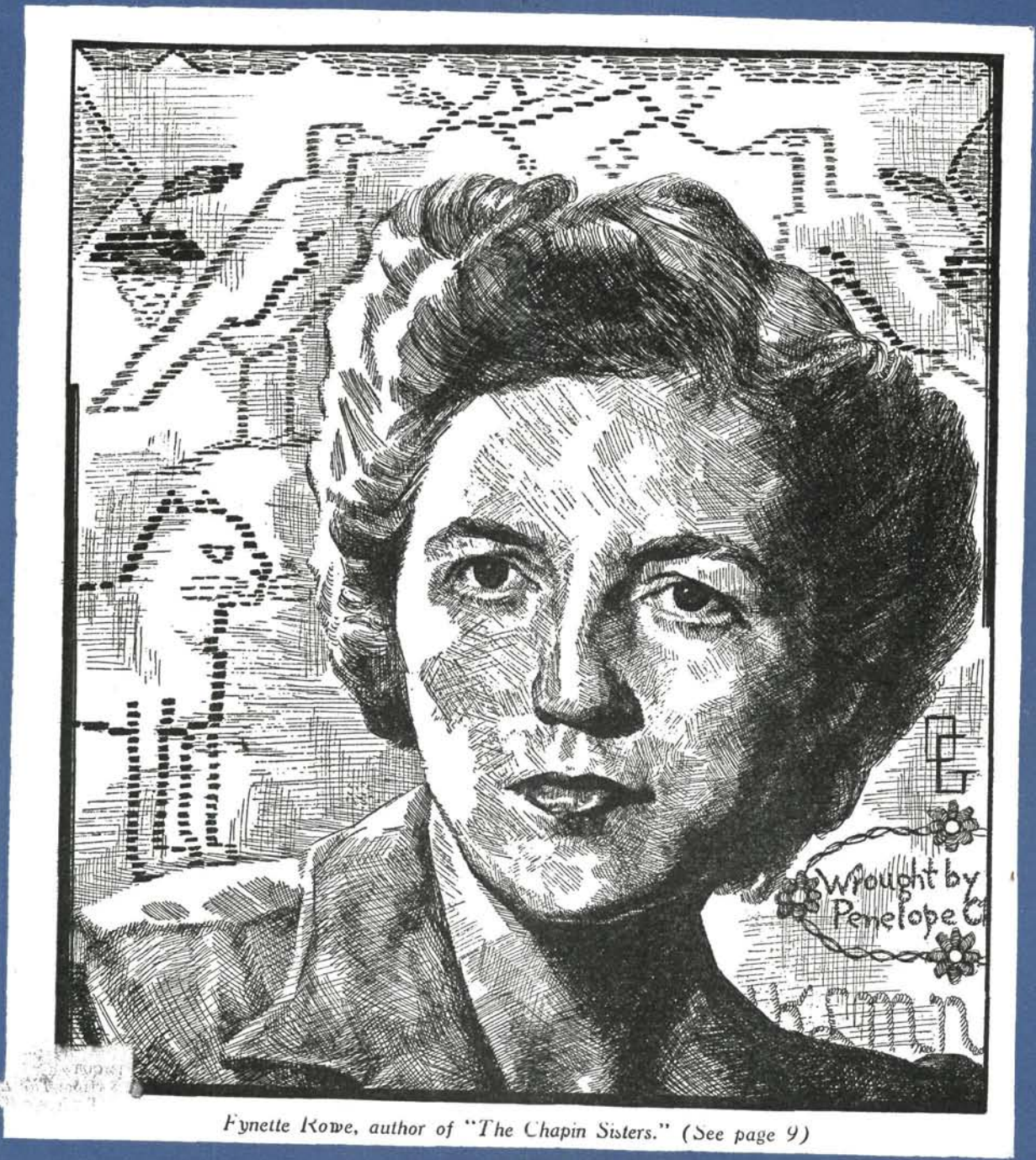

Fynette Kowe, author of "The Chapin Sisters." *(See page 9)*

GI Jargon: Its Perils and Pitfalls

By ROBERT H. WEIKER

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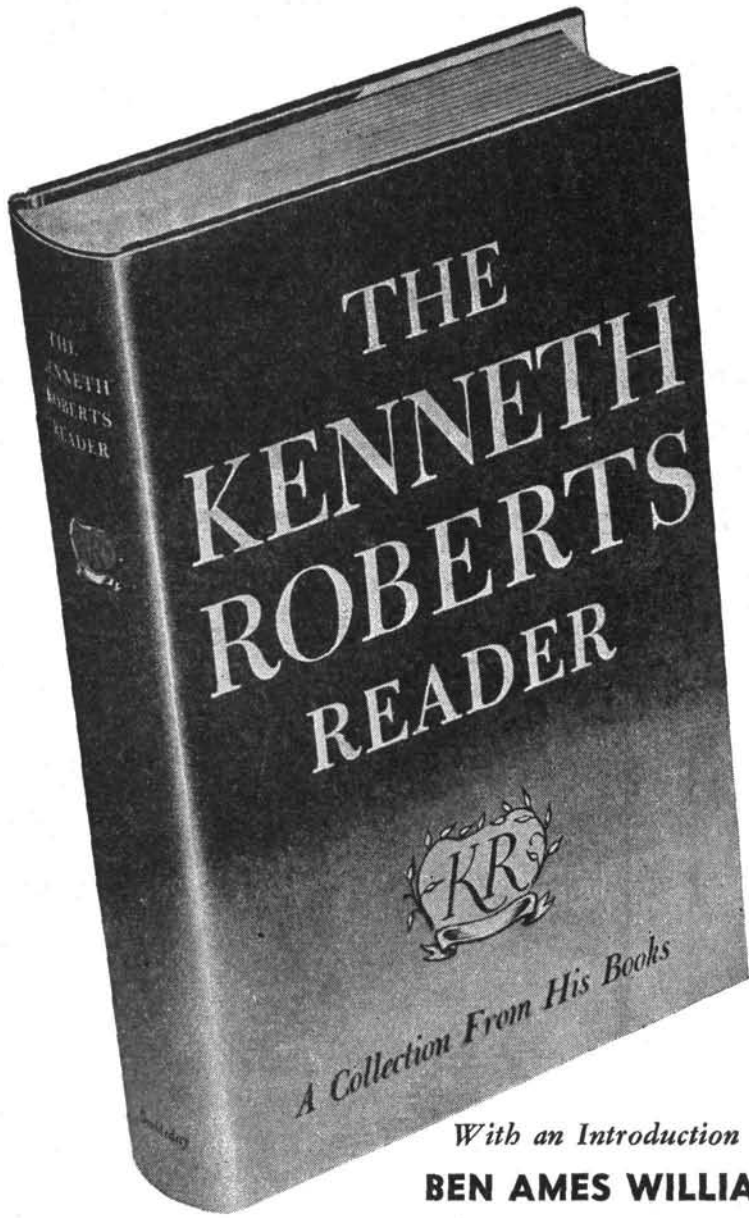

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BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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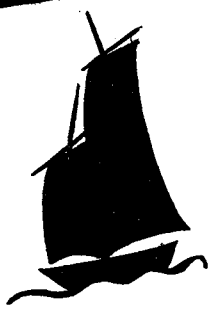

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY—for November—NOW ON SALE

General de Gaulle by Henry C. Wolfe presents a fresh interpretation of the enigmatic general of whom we will continue to hear so much...*What Doctors Know About Headache* may help you find out what to do about yours, if you are a headache-sufferer...*Record of an Industrial Miracle* reveals the almost fantastic job which American Industry did in the war...There's a charming nostalgia in *The Gracious and Spacious Days* by Charles Hanson Towne, and the very opposite in the tale of the Robinson Crusoes of the war in *Battle of the Rocks* by two veteran marines...There is a delightful short story, *Far Be It From Me.* Alan Devoe writes on *Leeches,* Philip Wylie about *Sinclair Lewis'* newest book, and George Jean Nathan on *The Bear Market in Comedians.* Other articles such as *Sumner Welles: Diplomat De Luxe, The Ordeal of Yugoslavia,* and *Switzerland: Prosperity and Freedom* round out a full, rich issue. Altogether a rewarding quarter's worth of good reading.

The American Mercury and Russia

John Foster Dulles recently broadcast the following statement: "For over four years, every meeting of representatives of the great powers was followed by a pronouncement which gave the impression that complete harmony had been achieved. That was the war diet of soothing syrup. The reality was that there was unity in so far as it related to joint effort against common enemies. But behind that there have always been the differences which are now coming to light." THE AMERICAN MERCURY has never given its readers any soothing syrup. It has insisted on realistically recognizing the fundamental differences between totalitarianism and democracy. It has insisted on telling the truth, no matter how unpopular that truth was at a given moment. Our attitude has evoked criticism because it has been mistaken for hostility toward Russia. We firmly believe that it is essential that Russia and the United States cooperate in peace as well as in war. But not at the sacrifice of our basic principles. We will continue to guide our readers in their thinking by presenting facts rather than soothing syrup.

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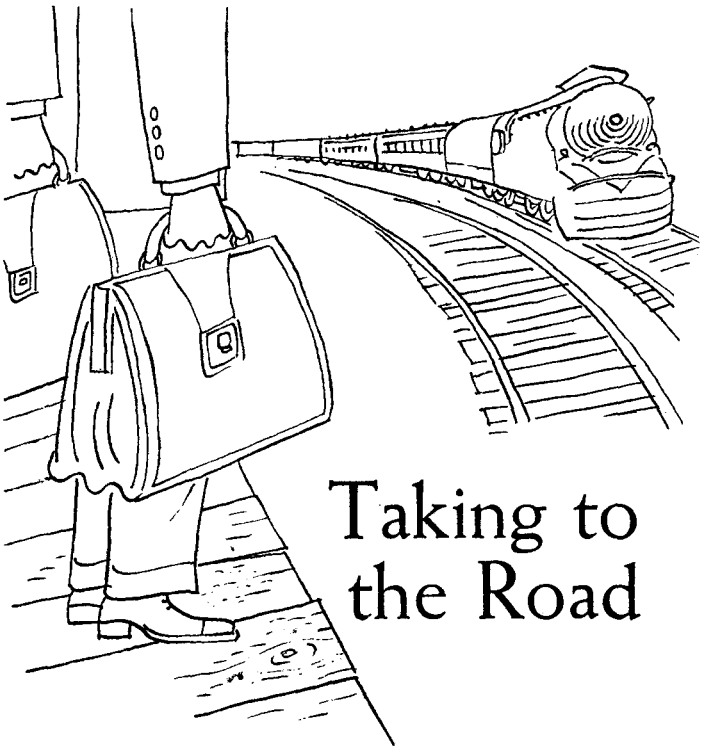

Taking to the Road

THE OTHER AFTERNOON two of our salesmen left on their regular fall trips. (They don't travel together; they just happened to be leaving on the same day.) As the elevator doors closed we wondered whether we were ever going to get over the feeling of regret and excitement that these departures always cause. The regret we feel is a purely personal one at being left out of any part of the publishing operation, and the excitement is pleasantly anticipatory because the salesmen are carrying new books with them, they are good salesmen, and the orders will be fun to look at as they come in.

The trip they're on this time is old hat in one sense and completely new in another. They have called on the accounts in the cities they will cover many times before, they have old and good friends there. But the books are new—they will be published in January—and they present fresh problems demanding treatment different from any the salesmen have used before. Each new book has to be handled as itself—not like some other book—and the presentation must vary with every account.

Our salesmen are taking a lot more equipment with them than they carry in their briefcases; they've got the respect for books that they brought to the publishing business in the first place. (One was a bookseller, the other a newspaper man.) They bring to the bookseller not only our integrated promotion and advertising plans for each book, but also their own personal feeling about it which the bookseller, through experience, has learned to evaluate and use to his own advantage. They will be as wary of overselling a title as they are of underselling, because they know that the economic health of the retail book business is the health of the publishing industry too. The salesmen will have read each new book, so the discussion of each title will be aimed at clarifying the book for the bookseller on two counts, first as a book, and next as merchandise. Lots of times the salesmen's knowledge of the account and its customers will enable them to advise the bookseller about the best way to sell the book in his community.

Unless this trip is unlike all the other recent ones, a lot of corollary things are going to happen too. Hotel and train reservations will go astray, buyers will be out of town, our salesmen will walk out of at least one account apiece forever (until the next trip) because their books have not been "properly" bought. They will wrap parcels or take inventory in at least three small bookstores while the owner waits on customers. They will eat and drink with their old friends and take the prettiest of the new book department clerks out dancing, and every night just before going to bed they'll face the weary, interminable business of writing out the day's orders in triplicate.

Here in New York each morning's mail will bring us the fat envelope, each order for each book representing the combined experience of the bookseller, the salesman, and ourselves. The advances on the new books will keep piling up, orders for books already published will be packed and shipped off, and letters will go back to the salesmen saying "good", "fine", or "why don't you try it this way" or once in a while "get on the beam, Mac. You missed a couple of tricks in Oswego". In a month or so our guys will be back—tired and a little frustrated because their orders weren't big enough to satisfy them (they never are), a little apprehensive about the size of their expense accounts (probably rightly so), but believing if anything more soundly in the books themselves and bringing us new ideas about getting them across. We'll be glad to see them. They're good salesmen and good bookmen.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

GI Jargon: Its Perils and Pitfalls

Post-War Novelists Will Be Well Advised to Consult Some of the Many Experts

ROBERT H. WELKER
2nd Lieutenant, A.U.S.

ITALY.

COME November of this year, and a little Berber girl down in French Morocco will celebrate the third anniversary of her discovery by the men of the Third Division. According to the legend,

> The bullets were flying and we men were trying
> To get up enough nerve to risk it;
> When we sighted the wench in the Colonel's slit trench,
> Chewing on "C" Ration biscuit.

This lass was none other than Stella the Belle of Fedala, the first of a line of immortal females discovered by our soldiers in the lands around the Mediterranean. Soon came Lena the Queen of Medina, an Ay-rab girl but closely related to a certain Sicilian called Luscious Lena from Messina, not to be confused with Filthy Fanny from Trapani, who was only a pale shadow of the far-famed Dirty Gertie from Bizerte (who hid a mousetrap up her skirtie, Made her boy friend's fingers hurtie, She was voted in Bizerte, Miss Latrine for nineteen-thirty).

As is no doubt plain, these verses and the ladies who inspired them were less than decorous. But interesting as the prospect is, this is not intended to be a study of the Army and its women. Dirty Gertie from Bizerte, properly viewed, is a subject for the student of the American language. She is part of a great tradition of alliterative or rhymed names, from Morton's Merry Mount to Mickey Mouse and the zoot suit with the drape shape and the ripe stripe. Buffalo Bill and Leaping Lena may claim her as offspring, and in the American soldier's vocabulary of this war she is related to the Vulgar Virgin, the Walkie-Talkie, the Dragon Wagon, the Screaming Meemie, and Anzio Annie. Of this group, only the first may be considered a woman. The Walkie-Talkie is a portable two-way radio set, the Dragon Wagon is a tank recovery vehicle, the Screaming Meemie is a German multi-barreled rocket-mortar (so named for the sound it makes going off), and Anzio Annie is a German rail gun that used to drop 10-inch shells into the famous Beachhead. Annie, incidentally, was named "Leopold" by the unimaginative Germans.

Very much in the same order, but reflecting more of the American soldier's wryly humorous attitude towards his own life, are the expressions "Are you nervous in the service?" (sometimes addressed to Mr. Jervis) and "Are you fed up with the set-up?" Without revealing any military secret, it may be said that affirmative answers are heard on occasion.

Soldier speech is an odd and way-

ward thing, predictable in its lustiness and lack of inhibition, but often treacherous to the would-be student. In two and one half years of service in North Africa and Italy, I have adopted turns of speech which those theatres of war have developed. But I have no way of knowing how that speech compares with the European or Pacific theatres, and I speak only for the ground and service forces. I write with the chilling memory of an alleged "Guide to Soldier Slang" containing hundreds of so-called Army expressions, the large part of which must have been written by civilians; and I'm reminded of the derision expressed by a veteran Wac about a similar glossary intended to reveal the slang of the Women's Army Corps. "GI shoes called 'Gruesome Twosome'? Never heard of it," she said.

The average civilian drafted into the Army immediately becomes aware that Army lingo is a new language, and one he had better learn. Otherwise he will be known as a GFU or perhaps a Goldbrick, and that would be just TS, brother. To put it another way, he will Snafu the detail, and if the CO happens to be chicken, he'll get gigged. A sad sack, that guy, always goofing off. Clear so far?

My basic training was more than three years ago, and these are the expressions which have survived in my everyday Army speech. By way of abridged translation, a GFU is a General Foul-Up, a Goldbrick is a wilful avoider of hard work, and TS is Tough Stuff. Snafu, originally Situation Normal, All Flubbed Up (as nearly as it can be rendered in print) has taken on the privileges of a transitive verb and an air of respectability, despite its dubious antecedents. Detail is a blanket term for the situation at hand, an enlargement on its original meaning of a particular job or duty. Chicken is a shortened form of a succinct scatological term meaning excessively spit-and-polish—although chicken is *le mot juste,* expressing a whole body of unpopular attitudes of which spit-and-polish indicates only the bare bones. Gigged means penalized, a thing which often happens to a soldier who goofs off, that is, fails or sneaks away from duty.

SAD sack deserves special study. In its earlier and longer form, "sad sack of ———," it meant any situation or person considered to be poor stuff, not much good, a sad apple. But by a metamorphosis imposed by the multitude of civilians who suddenly flooded into the Army, the term was shortened and tidied up as sad sack, and has been made immortal by the *Yank* cartoonist Sgt. George Baker. His Private Sad Sack symbolizes all the poor bemused civilians in uniform who blunder their patient way through the ever-puzzling labyrinth of Army life.

Most of these terms are a legacy of the "Old Army," by which we mean the Regular Army of peacetime days. But the impact of so many civilians was not to be denied, in vocabulary or anywhere else. The Old Army had several terms denoting the enlisted man, among them dogface, doughboy, and

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just plain soldier. But they also had an expression "Government Issue,' inevitably shortened to GI, which covered clothing, equipment, and anything else issued on a standardized, mass basis. It also had a specialized meaning as an adjective, applied to anyone inclined to be a stickler for the rules, even a bit chicken. Before long the significance of the initials themselves was lost in everyday usage, resulting in the redundant expression "GI issue." And finally came the inevitable new term for the common soldier of World War II, GI Joe or just plain GI. It's a term which has it all over "doughboy" or the more recent "doughfoot," both of which have a kind of wan and pasty-faced sound. It's a laconic title, full of implications about today's soldier and his state of mind. It shows quite accurately how he looks upon himself. He is a Government Issue, one of millions like him. Much is suggested in the term of his reaction to Army life, to its uniformity, its namelessness, its inevitability. For most Americans in uniform, the Army is above everything else an unavoidable compulsory force, one which they accept cheerfully enough, and with a genuine basic patriotism, but always with wry and astringent reservations. At present a military item issued by the government, the GI's main ambition is to be issued back into the civilian world.

SAD Sack as a character and GI as a name are two terms which seem assured of a permanent place in the American language. There is no good reason why even the most rarified of history books should hesitate to call Public Law 346 of the 78th Congress (the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944) the "GI Bill of Rights"; and, for the present generation at least, Sad Sack will always be a little, long-nosed, lugubrious private who never found a home in the Army.

Permanency is a risky thing to assess in as fluid a thing as language, but I suspect that the verb "to sweat out" will find its place at least among the footnotes of the future. Its origins are somewhat dim, but its inspiration and its meaning are plain enough. A lot of time in the Army is spent in waiting; waiting in line for chow or pay or hypodermic shots, waiting for assignment or relief from assignment, waiting for D-Day, H-Hour, the jump-off. This is sweating it out, another laconic term indicating acceptance of the inevitable without implying complete passivity or unconcern. A man at a lonely Aleutian station sweats out a letter from the girl friend back home, and he is very much concerned about its arrival; but he's been in the Army long enough to go right on sweating it out, not blowing his top if it doesn't arrive today, tomorrow, or the day after that.

There are many incidental expressions which have resulted from particular items or conditions of military life, and which in a specialized sense at least are assured of post-war existence. Jeep, for example, is recognized in a Technical Manual of the Ordnance Department as the popular term for Truck, ¼-ton, 4 x 4, Command and Reconnaisance. Bazooka appears in official correspondence in place of Launcher, Rocket, Anti-Tank, 2.36-inch. SOP, short for Standing Operating Procedure, is a handy term firmly imbedded in soldier speech in such expressions as "Yeah, hurry-up-and-wait is SOP in this outfit," meaning it's the kind of thing you've got to expect. Flak, a term borrowed from the British who borrowed it from the Germans, has replaced the cumbersome term "anti-aircraft" or the inaccurate "shrapnel" in common speech and writing. Flak-happy and Flak Alley are two of its offspring. Commando, another term given currency by the British but not native to the tongue, has become part of American Army speech to signify any type of heroic (or just razzle-dazzle) soldier, and is also used derisively in such terms as Subway Commando and USO Commando (for stay-at-home soldiers) or Typewriter Commando to indicate the chair-borne infantry.

Borrowing from other languages is a time-honored tradition of the English tongue, and in this war our soldiers have had the opportunity to pick up expressions ranging from Icelandic to Melanesian. Except for outposts scattered along the Atlantic and Middle East supply lines, the first foreign territory entered by the American Army in this part of the world was North Africa, where French and Berber-Arabic are spoken. Although almost insulated by the American educational system against the heresy of learning to speak a foreign language, our soldiers enjoyed trying to talk to the inhabitants in their own tongue. Sadly, almost the first word of French they learned was "Allez!"—purely a self-defense mechanism against the inevitable crowd of shoe-shine boys and

begging urchins. In the same category was "Trop cher!" directed against sly shopkeepers to whom all Americans were fools, millionaires, or both. Then came such amenities as "merci," "bon jour," and "comment ça va." The latter expression, to the surprise of those men who had book-learned French, was very largely used in place of "comment allez-vous," and in the vernacular was shortened to "ça va" as both question and answer.

AS the period of our occupation lengthened, many men developed a ready-made, colloquial French lingo which served their needs very well. At the same time we began to use French among ourselves—"Allez" for "Go on with you," "oui" and "mais oui," "ça va," and "beaucoup." Of these, only the last has survived in our speech since our transfer to Italy. Just a few days ago I heard an officer say he had 'beaucoup ammunition" in his depot—a phrase which seemed to me perfectly normal, and which on reflection shows how we pick up a word which is quick and easy to take the place of such awkward expressions as "a lot of" or "a great deal of." Often you'll hear a tri-lingual gem such as "Man, I really drank beaucoup vino last night!"

Of the other North African language, Arabic, we learned almost nothing. The native script, of course, is only a decorative tangle of lines to the average Westerner, and so we were not even able to puzzle out pronunciations of Arab words on billboards and store fronts. Perhaps another factor was that French is pretty well known to most urban "indigenes," and also that they learned English expressions (including some choice Billingsgate) much faster than we learned Arabic. Many of us lifted one lonely phrase, "La bes?" (How are you?) from our Pocket Guide to North Africa, and that was the beginning and end of our knowledge. A train of "40 and 8" boxcars full of troops might come to a stop at a lonely way-station high in the Atlas, with a robed, hawk-faced Arab standing nearby, attentive, inscrutable, looking at us. Then perhaps one of us would say "La bes?" and our Arab friend's face would break into a grave smile, and he would answer "La bes." For one small moment, a point of contact had been reached between the minds of this proud Moslem and the soldier of the Western World—reached, and as quickly broken.

In Italy we have generally learned more of the language than we did in North Africa. Our period of occupation has of course been much longer, and our contacts more extensive with the population of this crowded penin-

(Continued on page 37)

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Life With the Chapin Girls

THE CHAPIN SISTERS. By Fynette Rowe. New York: Current Books. 1945. 238 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

NEW ENGLAND is full of legends of sisters who lived under the same roof and never spoke for twenty years. Apparently up-state New York, the setting of "The Chapin Sisters," can breed the same emotions. Fynette Rowe starts her story by presenting the sisters, Penelope and Charlotte, when they are seventeen and thirteen respectively. They are orphans and are affectionate and dependent, one on the other.

> All her thoughts were centered on Charlotte's round little head that was leaning from the open window, and the tears that were furiously streaming down her cheeks. She would always remember Charlotte thus; Charlotte, her dear little sister, with her round hat askew, her hair falling lankly around her face, with tears clustering on her eyelashes, and hiding her shiny black eyes. . . . Charlotte had only one answer for everything. "I don't want to leave you. I don't want to leave you," she wailed over and over!

Then Mrs. Rowe gives us glimpses of them at twenty-year intervals, showing us how a bitter tide of jealousy and frustration caused them to loathe the sight of each other at eighty. Starting out as a mild, pleasant, period piece with details about small-town life and church bazaars, it ends up as a grim picture, with a holocaust including arson and death for a finale.

The turn of emotion is not entirely unexpected for there is tension indicated from the start. Under the chronicle of small-town life, the prayer-meetings, the choir practice, the church socials, there is the constant rivalry between the two girls for suitors. The love-affairs, half-hearted and tenuous at best, are built up in their imaginations and are increasingly important as the years go by. The psychology of the two repressed feminine natures is well worked out. There is an ironic twist here in that Penelope, the elder, once the more rigid and puritanical—except for fancying herself as Lady Hamilton—ends up handsomer and kindlier than Charlotte, the more flighty beauty. Charlotte's emotions had to burst out from time to time; she once called her sister "You smug old nanny, you!" She was given to flirtations and tantrums and borrowing Penelope's clothes without permission. Though the gayer, more outgoing nature, she ends up as a religious fanatic in her old age. This religious conversion annoys Penelope quite as much as her sister's former flightiness.

The time is the past, a time of bustles and brooches. The intervals touch on the 60's, 80's, and 1900's probably, though exact dates are not mentioned. One of the achievements of the book is that the period is done with great naturalness and no feeling of showing off at all, so that the reader gets a clear picture but does not trip over information. It is not primarily a period piece, in other words. The interest is always first on the Chapin girls' emotions. The details of life fill in the picture. What the sisters felt is consistently more important than what they wore, yet both are clearly indicated. Though Mrs. Rowe undoubtedly looked up a great many fashion hints of the time, and she knows about Zouave jackets and lace fichus and kid curlers, one never feels that she is dragging in the exact number of ruffles merely to show that she knows.

A note on the jacket says that Mrs. Rowe "was brought up in one of the beautiful, stately towns of western New York, full of old elms, old Greek Revival houses, and spinster relics." This has stood her in good stead, for the small town of Bloomfield, where the girls indulge in their mild social life and end up as librarian and keeper of the Historical Society, is presented with many detailed, precise touches. We see the girls change. "She had become one of the Chapin girls, walking to work in their neat, plain, kilted-serge walking costumes, walking to work and condemned to live with each other through long uncongenial years from which there was neither surcease nor escape."

This has a quality of its own and freshness and vigor. It is like a novel of a vanished era, the Mary Wilkins Freeman view of New England for instance, combined with a modern psychological study of repression. "The Chapin Sisters" won an Avery Hopwood Fiction Award is, in this reviewer's opinion, a most excellent choice, mild at the beginning, sinister at the end.

An American Fugitive in France

JOURNEY UNDERGROUND. By Flight Officer David G. Posser. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1945. 347 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE adventures of Allied airmen shot down over enemy-held territory continue to make for good books. Here is one of the best. It is written with honesty and straightforwardness, and yet not without devoting the proper space to the subtler aspects of the life of a fugitive, always in mortal danger and always—which must even be worse—mortally endangering those who help him.

Flight Officer Prosser spent three months hiding from the Germans. Frenchmen of all walks of life smuggled him from one underground station to another until, at last, he could breathe freely again on a snow-swept plateau of the Pyrenees where his hegira ended. In that period this young soldier-writer came to know the patriots of France intimately indeed. As presented by him, they are worlds apart from both the melodramatic heroes we have been fed on in pictures and the endlessly talking philosophical maquisards of some recent novels which tried to "detemporalize" the story of France's plight and liberation.

Real courage has an unmistakable matter-of-fact quality—and so has sincere writing such as this. Mr. Prosser's France is populated not only by Vichyites and Resistance Men, but also by *attentistes*—people who wait and want to see where the wind is turning before they risk the lives of their dear ones. The occupying boches are equally credible—neither Satanists nor out-and-out *dummkopfs*. The reader almost physically feels the constant threat hanging over the young officer, and shares his fright at every chance encounter with the enemy.

However, "Journey Underground" is much too long considering the lack of novelty of the basic story the author has to tell. But as he tells it so nobly it remains gratifying to have met a writer of promise beyond the hero he proved to be.

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Walled In and Walled Out

BLACK METROPOLIS. By St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 809 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THIS book is part of the social equipment of a maturing America. One of the aspects of genuine maturity is self-knowledge. We have so long described ourselves in terms of abstract, long-range ideals that we have neglected seeing ourselves in our short-range practices. We begin to discover that there is a wide gap between the two.

The short-range practices make up our daily living and involve the destinies of the people among whom we live. These are not always happy; and we now begin to realize that no amount of exalted ideological affirmation can excuse practices that bring tragedy to many of our fellows.

A number of years ago, the Lynds published "Middletown." This was more than an impressionistic, slap-dash picture of an American community. It was a scientific report made after long and careful observation. "Middletown" became a kind of milestone in our thinking about our curiously unfulfilled community selves.

More recently, W. Lloyd Warner and Paul S. Lunt undertook a similar study of a New England community, issuing their volumes under the title "Yankee City." Volume I of this series was subtitled "The Social Life of a Modern Community": Volume II, "The Status System of a Modern Community." In these volumes the high abstractions of freedom and equality were brought down to the earth of our persistent and invidious class stratifications. When this kind of research was extended to the South, it was found, as reported by Davis, Gardiner, and Gardiner in their carefully documented book "Deep South," that an additional form of stratification existed among us—that of caste. The completely undemocratic nature of such a status was easily apparent; but it was regarded as the not altogether surprising left-over from the South's long orientation toward slavery and subsequent effort to keep the Negro in his "place."

The question arose: To what extent does America outside the South tolerate a caste system? In a land of liberty and justice for all, is the Negro permitted to work his way up the social, economic, and political ladder as freely as the white man? Or do Northern cities, less strictly perhaps, but with equal stubbornness, join the South in a determination to keep the Negro fast in his caste subordination?

"Black Metropolis" is a study undertaken to answer this question. In thoroughness of research and accuracy of reporting it ranks with the other sociological and anthropological studies mentioned. It should take its place as a notable document of our maturing effort to see ourselves as we really are.

It is an amazing book. Packed with information about life in the Black Belt of Chicago, it is exciting reading from beginning to end. The history of Chicago itself, and of this people, coming first by underground and then by overground, to this mushrooming, lusty, wilful, crime-ridden, vice-ridden, politician-infested, yet goal-inspired city of the Middle West is a saga that no one will want to miss reading. By 1890, sixty years after its birth, Chicago had become a city of a million persons. This is in itself a tale worth knowing. But an even more dramatic story is here contained. The Negro today is only eighty years out of slavery; yet in a length of time that is little more than the span of an average life, he has built a city within a city. Here lines of community organization are drawn; social forces operate; interests compete; services are performed; men rise and fall, are happy and unhappy; crime and vice flourish; the virtuous deplore; and the respectable hold themselves aloof pretty much as in every large white city.

The amazing thing is the evident adaptability of the colored man to the needs and possibilities of civilized community life. Here, in this Black Belt of Chicago, is a huge testing laboratory in which the question so often asked, whether the Negro is not irretrievably savage, a "bandarlog" incapable of building a lawful and progressive society, has been unequivocally answered. He is as capable as any white man ever has been. Given the chance, he can, within the limits of our common human nature, build a community of order and intelligence.

The joker lies in the phrase: "given a chance." It is here that "Black Metropolis" makes its contribution to the most tragic social problem that now confronts the American people. Black Metropolis is a ghetto—a white-created ghetto. It is surrounded by invisible walls that prevent its inhabitants from going out freely among their white fellows and living where they please. This creates difficult problems—of congestion, housing-shortage, vice, and crime—that leave their inevitable marks upon these constricted people.

But not only are there invisible walls around this community. There is a ceiling over its head. It is the Job Ceiling, which ordains, with a complete relentlessness, that no one within this black community shall dare lift up his hope for a participation in our American life that is gauged to his capacities.

It is this double walling in—laterally and perpendicularly—that creates pathological conditions within the black ghetto. White folk who see the pathological conditions but not the invisible barriers are apt to regard the Negro as a creature incapable of top-level community life. So, having created the conditions that have created the pathological black man, they thank their God that they are not as the black man and shut him off in his slum darkness.

"Black Metropolis" is a book for all

—*Arni*

St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton contend that "Black Metropolis is a white-created ghetto . . . that creates difficult problems—of congestion, housing-shortage, vice, and crime—that leave their inevitable marks upon these constricted people."

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Americans to read, since the facts it presents—unfavorable though they are to most of us—are essential to a full, critical knowledge of ourselves. All of us are verbally committed to a belief in democracy, freedom, fair play, and similar civic ideals; but these, as the authors show, are not the ideals we live by.

> Side by side with the official doctrines about men's relationships to their fellows are the "folk beliefs" that influence human behavior far more profoundly than do any political or religious dogmas. These folk beliefs and attitudes become set at a very early age within family and play groups, where they are acquired by imitation and unconscious absorption long before the other institutions get to work on the child's mind. Adult associations and cliques preserve them. The folk beliefs and the behavior pattern associated with them are difficult to change.

In the North, it would seem, as well as in the South, we Americans are motivated by folk beliefs regarding the Negro. Our gravest problem is to find out how we can penetrate to these deeper layers of our American selves and reconstruct our thinking. "Black Metropolis" itself gives no answer to this most baffling of all our problems; but in its sharp and lucid account of what we do to our colored fellow Americans, it supplies material that may help us toward an answer.

Under the Northern Lights

ROCK CRYSTAL. By Adalbert Stifter. Translated by Elizabeth Mayer and Marianne Moore. With illustrations by Joseph Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. 96 *pp.* $2.75.

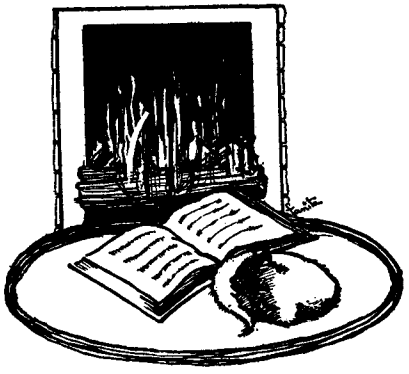
Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

NOTHING in English or American literature quite resembles "Rock Crystal," the beautiful story by Adalbert Stifter which appears most attractively in this fine translation by Elizabeth Mayer and Marianne Moore. It is a realistic tale of two children who, crossing the mountains on Christmas Eve with gifts for their parents, stray onto a glacier and at nightfall take refuge in a stone hut. Knowing that if they fall asleep in the intense cold they will perish, they fight sleep with some essence of coffee which happens to be one of the presents. But the supply is small. Suddenly, northern lights appear and dance above the mountains. Fascinated, the youngsters involuntarily remain awake.

This realistic story is a tiny myth, a symbol of the relations between the cosmos and the human race. When man makes an effort to survive, something in the universe lends him a hand. The meaning is expressed in the words of the rescued child who, remembering the lights, tells her mother: "Last night I saw the Christ!" Slow in tempo at first, the narrative gradually and steadily gains tension. The language has a fine rhythmicality and sonority in which some critics have thought to hear the resonance of church bells. The author's feeling is sufficiently universal to engage juvenile, semi-educated, and highly-educated minds alike.

Stifter in fact is one of the four German writers other than Goethe and the Eckermann of "Conversations with Goethe" whose prose, in the eyes of the mature Nietzsche of "The Wanderer and His Shadow," deserves frequent readings. The other three are the eighteenth-century aphorist Lichtenberg, the eighteenth-century autobiographer Jung-Stilling, and the nineteenth-century Swiss story-teller Gottfried Keller. "Indian Summer," a novel of Stifter's, together with Montaigne's essays, actually composed Nietzsche's bedside reading.

Stifter was a native of the region of Renaissance-Baroque culture which also nurtured Schubert and Rilke, Grillparzer and Hofmannsthal. The circumstance is impressive, insomuch as the sad earnestness, warmth, and lyricism characteristic of their work also characterize his own. He was born in 1805 in German-speaking Bohemia. At the age of twenty-one he went to Vienna to study natural science. The story goes that in Vienna Stifter was employed as tutor in the household of Chancellor Metternich and fell in love with one of the young princesses. He had to renounce this project and in 1837 married a good little Viennese milliner.



Up to the moment of his marriage Stifter had believed that his talent was for landscape painting. Abandoning futile efforts with color, he now turned to fiction. Stories by him appeared in the Viennese newspapers from 1840 onward. He had merely exchanged one picture-making medium for another. The Bohemian forest constitutes one of the major protagonists in his novelette "The Timber Woods," the Hungarian steppe in "Bridget." These descriptions are exquisite in their representations of effects of light and shade. Readers of "Rock Crystal" will meet an instance of this happy pictorialization in the evocations of the ice-world into which the story's two small personages wander.

Following the March revolution of 1848, Stifter accepted an appointment as supervisor of schools in Upper Austria. His marriage having proved childless, he and his wife adopted a daughter. Like her adoptive father, the girl must have been somewhat of a melancholiac: disappointed in youth in a love affair, she threw herself into the Danube. Stifter's own final year was harrowed by sufferings from an incurable illness, and in 1868 he took his life.

The body of work which he had begun under the influence of James Fenimore Cooper and the lushly romantic Jean Paul, and continued under that of the discreetly simple, realistic Goethe of "The Elective Affinities," is distinguished and mellow. That doubtless is what attracted Nietzsche to it. Stifter displays a sort of "flight from the dramatic." The continual retardation has been felt seriously to mar his last book, the historical novel "Witiko." One sarcastic critic promised the Polish crown to anyone contriving to read it through. Stifter's sense of psychology, particularly that of elderly men and of boys ("The Bachelor" and "Indian Summer") is accurate. He is one of those writers who have seen the glamor of the commonplace and the intimate.

Stifter at first had believed that nature and man are evolved by a single law and that man flourished and fell like the forest trees. Then, as we might gather from "Rock Crystal," he came to believe that forces in the universe specially support man. As for man himself, thought Stifter, he maintains himself for his part by exercising "the soft law." The words are from the famous preface to Stifter's story-collection "Fancy Stones." This practice is "righteousness, simplicity, self-discipline, reasonableness, efficiency in one's own sphere, admiration of the beautiful linked with serene and relaxed effort. This law prevails where people live side by side with people—in the industry through which one creates for one's own group, for distant parts, for humanity." He knew that "the soft law" cannot be arbitrarily compelled. Distinctly he called it "the freely self-imposed practice of humanity."

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The "Signs" of Aldous Huxley

THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

EVEN those who cannot find in Mr. Huxley's otherworldly mysticism either a satisfactory system of thought or an adequate way of life will enjoy his collection of maxims, parables, and key quotations from the writings of the great mystical figures of the past. As is usually the case with penetrating insights, they can be interpreted on various levels, and win an assent for reasons that may not be central—perhaps even foreign—to the minds of those who uttered them. Thus a naturalist who does not believe that the soul survives the body may still find an important truth suggested in the observation of St. John of the Cross that "The soul lives by that which it loves rather than in the body which it animates." It tells him that the ideal objects of allegiance rather than its causes define the quality of human personality. Mr. Huxley, however, has not contented himself with weaving garlands of quotations around the great themes of mystical doctrine. He has used them as decorative illustrations in his own running commentary on the doctrine. To the reflective reader he thereby undoes all the good which from his own point of view might have been accomplished by the quotations alone. For he makes the mistake of using defective arguments in behalf of a position whose truth ultimately depends upon evidence that has nothing to do with argument.

The perennial philosophy, as Mr. Huxley preaches it, is the belief that the only true existence is the one divine Reality that pervades the world, that all difference, finitude, pain, and evil are illusory, that the mind is blessed with a divinely-sent power of grasping divine Reality, and that the final end of man is, by the mortification of self and will, knowledge-through-union with the ineffable Ground of all being. In one sense, this philosophy is impervious to any kind of rational criticism, for it maintains that analytic or discursive thinking by its very nature is fatal to the intuitions of "unitive" knowledge of the one. At most, such thinking is like a crutch or ladder which can be used up to a point in helping crippled spirits free themselves from the imaginary weight of non-existent matter and can then be thrown away. But just as soon as the mystic abandons the unassailable ground of his own feeling of certitude and joy in an effort to convince others of the truth of the beatific vision, or even to induce them to begin the "upward" climb with a reasoned hope that they will meet the truth face to face, he must accept the responsibilities of analysis. The best mystics, it seems to me, have not been those who have abandoned reason, but those who have carried it as far as it can go, like Plotinus, Aquinas, and Hegel.

Mr. Huxley, unfortunately, does not take his intellectual responsibilities seriously enough. Even if his position were in fact true, he would owe to those whom he is trying to convince an attempt to answer difficulties that are as perennial as the perennial philosophy itself. A few may be listed to indicate how fundamental they are. The first is the assumption that there is or must be one all-encompassing whole without which no part of experience is truly intelligible. The contrary assumption that the world is pluralistic in character is perfectly consistent with itself and the facts of experience. Second, even if we beg the question of monism, it has never been made clear why the *type* of unity asserted to exist must be different from that observed in the modes of practical or scientific experience. Third, there is a whole cluster of gratuitous assumptions about the existence of a special organ of apprehension by which the mystic unity is grasped, the existence of a substantial soul, and the justification of speaking of union with the One, in which no distinctions are recognized, as a form of knowledge. On the purely psychological level, the mystical love of the One, from which judgment of any kind is absent, cannot be distinguished from the mystical worship of Mammon, or Mars, or Priapus. Fourth, no mystic has ever made remotely credible why there is difference and otherness in the world, why the Plotinian soul must descend into the world, why the world was created, and how the experience of pain becomes any less painful by calling it an illusion.

Mr. Huxley nowhere meets these and similar difficulties directly. Instead he tries to short cut them by a kind of scientific argument that would startle the shade of Thomas Huxley. He tells us that just as we can discover the nature of matter only by making certain physical experiments, so we can discover the divine element in mind by making certain psychological and moral experiments. But what he has actually done is to select in advance those who have testified to the presence of the divine and used this testimony as a criterion of whether the experiments have been fairly conducted. He has ignored the experience of vast numbers who have followed the techniques of living and thinking—and even eating and breathing — recommended by the mystics, and who have been vouchsafed no sign of the One. His real criterion is one of faith, not evidence—faith held at the outset of the "experiment" and at the conclusion.

—*Rosenys*

Aldous Huxley: "Every violence is a sacrilegious rebellion against the divine order."

Theoretical difficulties aside, the strongest practical objection to Mr. Huxley's perennial philosophy is that by its doctrine of the universal immanence of the One and by its equation between the assertion of the individual will and metaphysical evil, it cuts the nerve of morality. This is all the more important because it was his hunger for a better life that originally drove him on a quest that turned out to be a pilgrimage to the One. Mr. Huxley steps very gingerly around the implications of his position at this point but from it there flows his acceptance of absolute pacifism. "Every violence is, over and above everything else, a sacrilegious rebellion against the divine order" — including the violence that would protect the guiltless. There are no just wars, and no just self-defence.

If the case against violence rested on metaphysics alone, it would be very weak, indeed. There are metaphysical systems from Heraclitus down which justify violence, and their claims as metaphysics are every whit as strong as those of the perennial philosophy. Logically, on the basis of the perennial philosophy, it is hard to see why the One is any less manifest in acts of violence than in acts of non-violence. It is on *empirical* grounds that the strongest case against violence can be made. But these grounds do not justify

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an absolute interdiction. According to Mr. Huxley those who locate the good in the actions of human beings in time instead of in a timeless union with the timeless One (in which good cannot be distinguished from evil!) "feel justified in making use of any temporal means for achieving it." This is a surprising inference and one which is gainsaid by the belief in the continuity of means and ends central to many of the temporal moralities of our age. It is only because an end exists in *time* that the means, which Huxley admits are always temporal, can be said to be continuous with it. And it is precisely because of the fact that the character of ends is determined by the means used to achieve them, that we cannot say that the end justifies the use of *any* means. For the consequences of some means are obviously incompatible with the declared end.

It is interesting to observe that the political theologies of our time which do in fact operate on the maxim that the end justifies the use of any means, cannot state their sanctifying ends in such a way that they can be controlled by observing the consequences in time of the means used. Despite the rhetoric that attends them, these ends are transcendent objects of adoration outside of time. They evoke a mystical allegiance according to which, no matter what happens in experience, these ends remain sacrosanct. That is why political theologies are *Ersatz* mysticisms, as Huxley properly observes. It is the failure to accept seriously the relation between ends and means in time that makes mysticism, when literally embraced, dangerous in the realm of morality. If Huxley's ends are out of time, how does he justify his choice between different sets of temporal means? Eternal ends cannot be affected by the consequences of temporal means, and the truth is that Huxley in his intelligent moral judgments always invokes unacknowledged temporal ends which he shares with other people independently of their conflicting metaphysics.

If it is true that the mystics are "The salt which preserves human societies from decay," it is not in virtue of their doctrines but of their practice. But since all sorts of practices have been associated with mysticism and theology, and with equal logic, the necessity for moral judgments on the part of mystics is unavoidable even when they claim to transcend it. Such choice is always in terms of consequences as they unroll in time to the discerning intelligence. Insofar as mystical doctrines hamper the work of intelligence, they must be rejected even when we treasure the spirit of reverence and humility with which they are professed.

The Political Credo of Don Sturzo

ITALY AND THE COMING WORLD. By Don Luigi Sturzo. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. *Appendices,* 303 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

ADVANCING years and the frailties of age have not dimmed the humane patriotism and ardent liberalism of Don Luigi Sturzo. At seventy-five, this Italian priest, who was exiled in 1924 as a democratic foe of Fascism, has given his political credo in a book that is part history, part essay, part sermon, and all testimonial to his unflagging faith in Italy and her revival.

Don Sturzo speaks with the authority of a scholar, philosopher, and veteran politician. In pre-Fascist days

he organized agricultural coöperatives and trade unions. He was the father of the Popular Party, whose lineal descendant is Italy's present powerful Christian Democratic Party. But, perhaps because he has been so long removed from the hurly-burly of everyday politics, he is able to have a historical perspective on his country's past and future.

In the cosmic scheme of things, he says, Italy has a mission—"the mission of universality." Under the Romans, in the Renaissance, through the Papacy, she made bedrock contributions to Western civilization. Her fifteenth-century city-states conducted "the first experiment in democracy in a Christian setting." In pre-Fascist Italy (1900-20) democracy was "a living fact." The ugly blight of Fascism, he believes, never truly withered his nation's inner urge.

Don Sturzo castigates the statesmen of appeasement: "Democratic Italy, which fought Fascism from 1922 to 1926, was reduced to silence by exile, imprisonment, special courts and the violence of armed gangs . . . was ignored by London and Paris." The democracies realized too late that "none can stand by if spiritual solidarity and freedom for all are lacking."

The folly of appeasement has been followed by the inability of Allied statesmen to understand the meaning of Italy's role in World War II, her surrender, then co-belligerency against the Germans. Don Sturzo finds Allied policy based on three "mistakes": (1) the failure to make a clear distinction between Fascism and the Italian people; (2) the failure to understand that the Italian surrender abroad was also a revolt against tyranny at home; and (3) the failure to acknowledge the importance of Italy's part in the defeat of the Axis.

Don Sturzo realizes that Italy's first need today is for material help—food, medicines, raw materials, transport equipment. But he pitches his thoughts for the future largely on the level of principles. He stands for a middle way between "controlled capitalism" and "planned socialism." "We must reconcile property rights with state intervention."

But change must be orderly, nonviolent, gradual. It must not surrender "fundamental economic liberty" which is necessary for the "survival of political liberty." To a man of his outlook it is axiomatic that "the Italy of tomorrow will be democratic not only because every country with an individual spirit tends to democracy . . . but because the reconstruction of the country and a return to social and political sanity make a democracy for Italy imperative."

While the main burden of Don Sturzo's discourse follows this line, he has the wide interests of a true European and internationalist. His book ranges over a discursive field: it is a sweeping survey of Italy's political history; an analytical account of relations between the Italian State and Church; a tolerant discussion of religious and secular education; a sharp analysis of Russia (he pleads for understanding of her "inevitable evolution" and "unlimited totalitarianism," calls Stalin "the Napoleon of the Russian Revolution" who has led his country into an "imperial phase"); a condemnation of Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco ("a hybrid by Hitler out of Mussolini"); an argument for a European federation.

Ethiopians, Greeks, and other victims of Fascism may well feel that Don Sturzo naturally asks for more sympathy, generosity, and forgiveness than his nation deserves. But he is an eloquent, good-hearted, and persuasive suppliant. No one reading his words can fail to gain in understanding of a wracked and wretched nation.

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Strictly Personal

ARTERIAL WORDS INSIDE A CONVENT

I HAD a good little idea which I took with me to Pontifex Minima for consultation. She was buried within a pile of reference books, but she came out from under to listen.

"I want to write an essay about words. I thought I would start like this: 'In the genesis of human communication, the senses begot imagination, imagination begot thought, thought begot words, then words began to increase and multiply' . . ."

But she said: "No—you'd better consult Bergson's theory; though really he is only relying on Coleridge's philosophy."

"And what is Coleridge's philosophy?" I asked meekly. I felt those words were being multiplied into divergent channels.

"Well, he said there are two ways of getting ideas for poetry: through fancy and through imagination. He thinks the imagination is the higher manner whereby to enter into the concept of the thing. You see, he was influenced by Kant and Schiller. His idea is all right, but his terminology is wrong. By fancy he meant imagination, and by imagination he meant the *vis cogitiva.*"*

I hasten to explain:

"No—I don't mean to enter into a philosophical discussion. What I had in mind to lead up to was that words began to multiply upon the earth, and . . ."

"Then you want to go into it from the philology side. Now, I have a friend who has her doctor's degree in philology . . ."

"No—no philology today, thank you. I meant to say that words began to multiply upon the face of the earth (I *will* get them multiplied, if you'll only hear me), and that some of them denied their origin, so that Voltaire could say . . ."

"If you are going to quote Voltaire, you'd better be careful."

"I am being careful—I'm only quoting what I heard somebody say he said; namely, that speech was given to man to conceal his thought. I was going to continue with the remark that some of these words—not the ones that denied their origins, but another group of them—some were allied with the angels, and begot winged images that spread over the face of the earth and portrayed everywhere the humanity and heavenliness of their origin. Then some way or other, I was going to lead up to what George Meredith called 'arterial words' and by that I'd mean, for one class, famous words of war, starting with the most dignified, like *Veni, vidi, vici,* or *Deus vult,* and coming down to General McAuliffe's reply to Rommel at Bastogne: *Nuts!*

Then I realized I had in mind more than just mere fighting words. There were words that produced all sorts of emotions . . .

"Well, you don't mean words at all—you mean phrases. And of course, to be exact, it is their connotation, not their meaning, that produces a reaction in the minds of readers or hearers. Listen: why not skip all that stuff about the genesis, and get down to historical research, so that you can classify. . . ."

"There *you* go. This isn't a historical research project. It's an imaginative one. It's just a little genealogy all its own, and I *like* the idea of saying 'In the beginning, sense begot imagination' and all that. Because it is true of all literature, and especially of poetry, that words *do* beget other words, if a sufficiently fiery imagination has begotten the first ones. See, it's hard enough to work this thing out without your interruptions. So many times *my* imagination begets ideas that I think will set the world afire, and when they get to cold print (if they do), I say, 'Is that all there was to it'!"

"If that's the case," said Minnie, "then it's because you have not probed the idea sufficiently."

(I shut my eyes and probed the idea. It waddled a few steps and then slumped again.)

"Well, how would this do?" I began again. Minnie showed no inclination to slump beneath the reference books; she was displaying a scholarly attitude of interest, so I was encouraged to go on floundering: "How would it do to begin like this: Some words there are that form a worthy link between the first great thundering *Sit lux—et lux erat* down to the latest key word that has furnished the inspiration of today. They form a chain of communications for all the inspiration, bravery, persistence, and wisdom of genius: poignant things like Pompilia's last three words in her defense of Caponsacchi: *And I rise;* wistful, like Jacob's dying words: *There Rachel died from me; and it was spring;* significant, like Francesca's conclusion of her guilty love affair: *That day we read no more;* rebellion-producing, like Antoinette's *Let them eat cake,* or Louis's *L'Etat, c'est moi,* or Vanderbilt's *The public be damned;* hero-inspiring, like *If this be treason, make the most of it* or *I have not yet begun to fight . . .*"

"You are an incurable romanticist. You've got to clarify your ideas, and shear them from all extraneous matter. Either you are aiming to write a

*At this point there should be an imposing array of footnes. To have an imposing array of footnotes, I should have the capacity of being buried under a pile of reference books. But I do not have reference books.

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philosophic article, or an historical article. You can't have all these thoughts jumbled into one essay. Go about it in a more scientific fashion."

"And then," I pursued my trend of thought, "one of my divisions was: 'Some words are traitors'."

"There you are definitely in the field of psychology. The expression of ideas betrays so inevitably the whole character of a man's mind."

"But I didn't mean it that way. I meant what I said above, in reference to my own inspirations. You cradle an idea in love and light, and when it finally gets to print, you look at the cold words and say 'Dear Lord!' or some such equivalent. Now, don't tell me to prod it again . . ."

"I didn't say *prod*. I said probe."

(Ah! So now my poor idea was on the operation table, enduring exploratory phases.)

Said Pontifex Minima: "If you'd only get down to concepts. After all, unless you get to the root of things . . ."

"I know—you must get to the root of things. But who wants nothing but roots? Somebody has to make things grow; if you keep on hammering at the roots, you paralyze progress. Furthermore, some things in their present stage of development are lots more important than roots. For instance: a jockey in order to win a race doesn't have to know the anatomy of a horse in general, the genealogy of his horse in particular, the history of racing from its inception . . ."

But Pontifex Minima had returned to a prodable, prob-able idea beneath her reference books. I departed under a cascade of lovely, illogical, unphilological words—still unclassified.

"Ah," says Dante, "how cautious ought men to be with those who see not only the deed, but with their sense look through into the thoughts!"

SISTER M. MARGUERITE, R.S.M.

Out of the Regional Magazines

MID COUNTRY. Edited by Lowry C. Wimberly. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1945. 494 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IT is hard to hold America in mind as a unit, and so we have a need to think of the country in terms of regions. But it is hard, also, to distinguish the regions sharply—particularly in Mid Country where borders are not definite and social cultures merge with each other. In his anthology Mr. Wimberly avoids that difficulty by including something from nearly everywhere, from the timber of Michigan to the timber of Oregon, from the bayous of Louisiana to the Dakota plains. Though Mr. B. A. Botkin in an informing introduction identifies "Mid Country" as the land between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, the editor refuses to be fenced in. He includes a number of pieces from west of Colorado and more from the deep South. As a result there is no focus in this collection and it has little impact.

There is another drawback to Mr. Wimberly's principle of selection. He has made up his anthology from the files of the regional magazines scattered between Iowa City, Albuquerque, and Missoula, Montana. This cuts him off from the best work of his best writers and from the entire work of many "Mid Country" writers. A sampling of the regional magazines shows what decentralized periodical publishing can produce but it hardly provides a fund of writing to represent a large portion of America. There are first-rate pieces in this collection, alongside of fourth-rate pieces. Most of the first-rate pieces had previously gotten into books.

As Mr. Botkin says, the regional magazines grew up, a third of a century ago, as a part of the Midwestern literary awakening. Their very names, the *Midland,* the *Frontier, Prairie Schooner,* are names of place and are expressive of a place-spirit. These magazines, and the others like them, have achieved an importance out of proportion to their budget and their circulation; they have reminded us that publishing can be decentralized and non-commercial and they have kept writers and readers aware of the claims and resources of their own background. They have attracted a variety of writing, factual and fictional, historical and interpretive. In them, judging from "Mid Country," there is earnestness, honesty, and excitement about the past, and a subdued stubborn optimism about the future.

Most of the trans-Mississippi West was once hard country to live in; some of it is hard country now. That hardship has given people a strong attachment to place, the attachment of a man to his adversary. Now they like to recount the hard times, the long struggle, the slender victory they won. Most of the victories in this anthology seem meagre because they are victories over rattlesnakes, thistles, and sandstorms. The preoccupation with place can result in the printing of mediocre material, and place is the chief element in many of these writings. When people emerge from the weeds and the weather to have some triumph or failure within themselves, you find that you are reading a writer already known and not thought of as regional—you are reading Jessamyn West or Meridel Le Sueur, Wallace Stegner or Warren Beck.

There is a good deal of poetry in "Mid Country," most of it concerned with landscape and weather. About half the selections are fiction, generally about horses and cattle, the filling of silos and the breaking of sod. The rest of the space is given to straightforward accounts of outdoor experience. These vary from first-person narratives in consciously colloquial language to sharply observed impressions of people against their background, like Mari Sandoz's abrasive "Sandhill Sundays" and Katherine Anne Porter's serene "The Source." In these sketches you see the many landscapes of America, the oil, the cattle, and the timber countries, the deserts and the prairies, and you learn freshly about the variety of American life. There are good sound pieces on the Indians, the longhorns and the lumberjacks; there are unadorned tales of the hunting of buffalo, wolves, and coyotes. You won't forget J. Frank Dobie's "The Longhorn Blood Call," or a hard-riding piece by J. Evetts Haley on the stampede.

One familiar observation is reinforced by a reading of "Mid Country." Regionalism is not geographical so much as sociological. Regional America is rural America and there are no cities in it. Mr. Wimberly has included a sonnet on Kansas City by John Gould Fletcher. But it is a lonely poem and its "poised . . . pale towers" seem as unreal as the towers of Camelot. Against the wide sky of Mid Country you see only windmills and silos and the cottonwood tree that shades the trampled barnyard.

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TRAINING FOR PEACE

NEW YORK, according to all accounts, only presents in exaggerated form what is a common phenomenon of American cities today. There is a bustle and stir of people here that is repeated throughout the nation, a congestion in hotels and restaurants and places of amusement that is quite without precedent in our history. Just where the floating population which crowds transportation and housing facilities in Manhattan and elsewhere comes from, no one seems precisely to know. Yet it is everywhere, deploying through the streets, filling the shops, jamming the picture shows, lending to a country just emerged from war a festive and gala air. Small wonder if the service man newly returned from the battle area or the non-combatant home from war duty is taken aback by the apparent callous indifference of his countrymen to the misery which he has left so rampant in the lands abroad. "Nylon mentality," someone has called the prevailing mood of the nation, and in so doing has meant to denounce the abundant vivacity of the time.

It is a commonplace, of course, that it is harder to maintain morale in a period of comparative security than when danger is imminent. Men and women, both as individuals and nations, rise to a height of self-abnegation and heroism under the urgency of crisis which they cannot achieve under normal conditions. Nor are they so constituted that they can long sustain an emotion at white heat. Inevitably ardors cool; hatreds, too, grow less intense. Already we have the spectacle of England, so lately demanding destruction for the Germans, proclaiming now that they must be fed. Again, it is the rarest individual who has the imagination to project himself into a situation which lies outside his own experience. The American is not shrugging aside his responsibilities in relaxing from the tenseness of war days; he is following what are almost inevitable laws of his being. He is an optimist by nature who believes in the future of his country and cannot disbelieve in the future of the world. With the poet of a happier day he holds: "But somehow the poor old Earth blunders along. . . . Gets to port as the next generation will witness." Times have changed, alas, since Lowell's day. War and science have so advanced that the poor old Earth won't get to port next time if it takes up arms. Every American must be made to realize that.

There should be, there must be, some way of making the problems of peace as dramatic as the problems of war. We fought for freedom, we still have to fight for freedom. The mere act of overthrowing Hitlerism and Fascism and Japanese aggression has not ushered in a new era; it has only opened the way to it. Its problems are more intricate and obscure than those of the war years, for while the fight was on there was at least a common denominator for all freedom-loving peoples. That has been enormously reduced now that the conflict is over and separatist influences are exerting themselves. This is an emergency which can be met only as war was met, by mobilizing the whole nation to meet it. We've got to get over certain ideas—international control, amalgamation of the interests of labor and capital, education for freedom and a fuller life. Somehow that restless activity which creates the impression of indifference to the precarious affairs of the world must be harnessed for the drive toward peace. The politicians who have known how to organize to win elections ought to know how to organize for wider ends. They, and the speakers who were so eloquent in urging the nation to its war efforts, the writers who backed them, and the journalists who supported them still have it in their power to build morale and influence policy. Why not compulsory peace training?

A. L.

THE NATIONAL WAR FUND

THERE is perhaps no better way of maintaining the morale of a country than by giving it a direction for the idealism which is always latent in it. Despite its concentration on destruction, the war spirit of a nation is always held to its maximum effort by an appeal to the higher purposes of its people. And so in peace, endeavor can be raised to high success if the imagination of men and women can be kindled by a worthy cause. We have the worthiest of all causes—the ministration to body and soul for which the organizations comprising the National War Fund were formed—still demanding the consecration of all effort to its fulfilment. As the President of the Fund said last year, "As the war and the peace are continuous, the one flowing out of the other . . . the community social services which will continue when the war is over . . . are even now under greater pressures than before." There has been no lessening of the need in the months since peace has come. The relief agencies for the various nations so recently at war, directed toward every phase of suffering caused by the conflict, stand in need of all the support they can get. Victory loans, relief from tension of battle days, nothing should be allowed to lessen interest in the National War Fund's work. Every individual who aids lays a stone on the road to peace.

War

By Simons Roof, Lieut., U.S.N.R.

FED on the rotting blooms of loves that sour,
the godless prayer, the coined sun that blinds,
War is the monstrous nightmare coiling hour
to hour dark at the back of all our minds.
And sleep and dream, the wide white fields of rest,
quake starkly as the giant shadows pass
chilling as death. Yet waking on the crest
of calm, selfdrunk, we move where shadows mass.
War seeds in us. It is the idiot child
of hate, that bursts from skull upon our skies
blocking the stars, the peaceful air defiled,
until consumed we look out through its eyes.
This is the monster, evildark above,
that can be slain by the shining act of love.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Judge Goldstein on Gambling

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *sent copies of the article by Morris Ernst [SRL Oct. 20], "What About Gambling?" advocating the legalizing of gambling, to the three candidates in New York City's Mayoralty campaign. As of Oct. 29, only Judge Goldstein, candidate on the Republican-Liberal Party ticket, had sent in a comment on Mr. Ernst's suggestion.*

SIR: I agree that every ten years or so we reiterate the need of a campaign against gamblers in New York City. We should have learned by now that a few isolated convictions do not really go to the roots of the problem. Surely, a few spectacular cases which send a few gamblers to jail do not lessen the influence of the men at the top of organized gambling.

As a matter of fact, years ago big-time gamblers were partners with politicians. They used the politicians to protect their illegitimate business.

Now the gamblers have assumed political power. They have named judges and have prevented others from becoming judges.

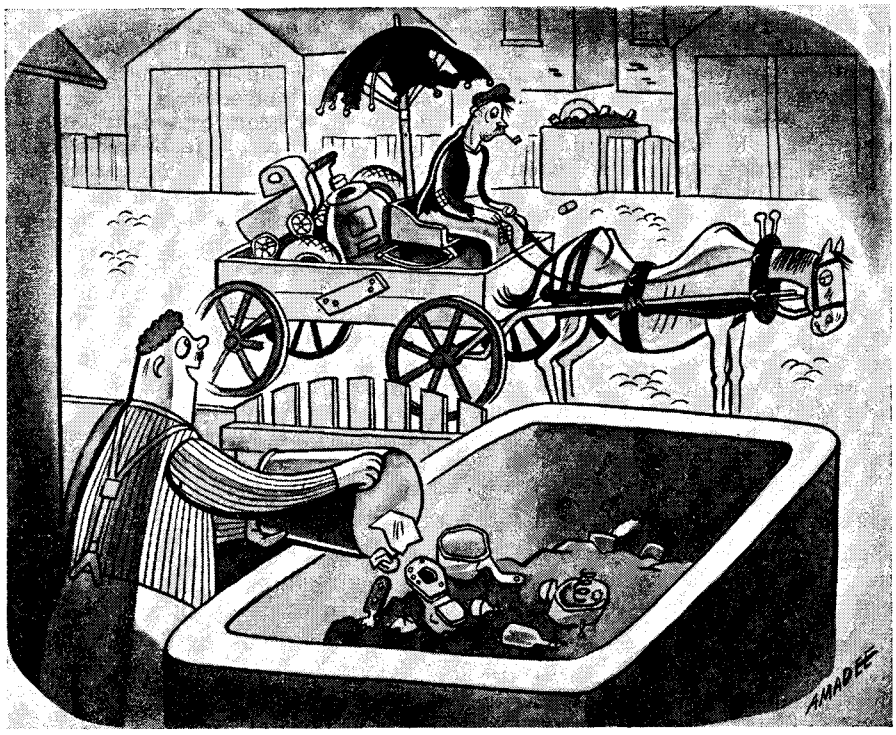
A real city administration should try to do more than just prosecute. Whether or not Mr. Ernst's suggestion of legalizing gambling [*SRL*, Oct. 20] with complete disclosure is the right answer, I am not prepared to say. I do know, however, that gambling will not be stopped in New York, unless we do something more than engage in periodic raids and recurring prosecution. Obviously, police power alone will not curb the gambling instinct. The least we can do and should do is to spotlight the "politico gamblers."

This will help awaken the public to the need of dealing with the issue at its roots.

JONAH J. GOLDSTEIN.
New York, N. Y.

The Author of "Bambi"

SIR: Felix Salten who died recently at the age of 75 in exile in Switzerland, was the exact opposite of his greater colleague, Richard Beer-Hoffmann, who died about the same time in New York City. If it took the latter many years to complete a work, if he labored over each line with the conscientiousness of a Flaubert, Salten wrote with the rapidity of a hack writer, rushing his manuscripts to the printer before the ink had dried. He was thus able to publish nearly forty volumes—novels, short stories, dramas, and essays—in addition to the countless *feuilletons* and reviews he contributed to numerous Central European newspapers. In one of his early novelettes he had portrayed an over-ambitious young man, eager to grasp all the honors, pleasures, and riches of the world for himself, hunting after them as though nobody must share them with him. It was Salten's self-portrait.



"Tell me, Mr. Pflugal, how are you coming with your memoirs?"

This phenomenon is comparatively easy to explain. Unlike the other members of "Young Vienna" who, like Hofmannsthal, were of aristocratic birth, or like Beer-Hofmann, were the heirs of large fortunes, or, like Schnitzler, had scholarly backgrounds, Salten, the frustrated son of a bankrupt Jewish business man of Budapest, was a self-made man who had acquired his knowledge of German as an adolescent. Hence his pride about his brilliant German style (which, however, failed to camouflage the writer's occasional shallowness); hence his desire to go a-hunting with aristocrats; hence his peculiar blending of pro-Catholic leanings with Zionist sentiments; hence his indecision in political matters, as though he continued to be an office clerk, afraid of losing his job. He made us liberals and anti-Fascists angry when, at the international meeting of the PEN Club at Ragusa (1933) he, as president of the Austrian section, advocated a cautious, appeasing attitude towards the writers of the Third Reich.

On the other hand, he was a kind person, helpful to younger colleagues, an ardent lover of children, animals, and flowers. There were moments when he overcame his anxiety and produced masterpieces of social protest; for instance, his anti-militaristic drama "Der Gemeine (The Private)," published in 1899, but banned from the stage by the Austro-Hungarian censor —it was played in Vienna only after the revolution of 1918. In his novelette "Die Kleine Veronika" he depicted the tragedy of an innocent country girl seeking employment in the Sodom and Gomorrah of Vienna. One of Salten's great idols was Emile Zola, and he became famous overnight through a brilliant obituary of the French novelist and champion of justice.

Salten was an unusually talented writer. But, alas, he could adopt any style he wanted. He could write like a medieval chronicler, like E. T. A. Hoffmann, Heinrich von Kleist, Arthur Schnitzler—until there was nothing left of Salten himself. If Beer-Hofmann had too much self-criticism, Salten had too little. Some of his works start most promisingly, yet after a while the author's journalistic flair for word-making gains the upper hand. Nevertheless, if we separate the yellow mica from the genuine gold, there is enough left of the latter to secure for Salten a lasting monument in the field of Austrian literature.

I am least fond of his animal stories, which became so popular all over the world. In his introduction to "Bambi," John Galsworthy admitted that he did not like the method "which places human words in the mouth of dumb creatures," yet he praised the book because "behind the conversation, one feels the real sensations of the creatures who speak." In any event, that famous tale of a deer is infinitely better than its many rather artificial sequels, excepting perhaps Salten's creation of Perry, the squirrel, which is considered as good and as original as Riki-tiki-tavi, Black Beauty, or Peter Rabbit.

When "Perry" appeared, Salten already lived as an exile in Zurich. The

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septuagenarian placed his opposition to the Fascist philosophy in the mouth of his creatures; for instance, when he made the animals talk about the Hitler of the forest, the fox: "He hasn't a friend in the world," says Magpie. Perry's mother says: "He has nothing but enemies. He hates even himself. He murders his own brothers and sisters." "What a sad life!" sighs Perry, whereupon the wise magpie remarks: "If he knew it, it would be sad. But he has no idea. All he wants is killing and blood." Once Perry says of the squawking jay: "He thinks he's the best singer in the forest. He's hated me ever since I told him his voice was ugly." He receives this answer from the magpie: "Child, he would have hated you anyway." Reading these lines, I remembered how Goebbels had become a Jew-baiter only after Professor Gundolf at Heidelberg had told him that his poetry was poor.

ALFRED WERNER.

New York City.

Every Man His Own Lawyer

SIR: Permit me to speculate on the interesting consequences suggested by Judge Frank's delightful article, "The Cult of the Robe" [*SRL*, Oct. 13].

Says the learned judge: "The courts should feel obligated to make themselves intelligible to the man on the street or in the subway. Unfrock the judge, have him dress like ordinary men, become in appearance like his fellows, and he may well be more inclined to talk and write more comprehensibly. Plain dress may encourage plain talking."

Now, I ask, why, really, does it matter whether the "man on the street or in the subway" can comprehend the *obiter dictum* and *ratio decidendi* pouring forth in such voluminous streams from our tribunals?

Two answers suggest themselves. Perhaps Judge Frank thinks that when our law reports come to be written in "legal basic English," something he assumes is possible, they will vie with comic strips and best-sellers for popular consumption. (Fancy "321 U.S." or "75 Fed. Sup." standing next to "Forever Amber" or "Cass Timberlane" in the book pages.)

Or, perhaps, this new knowledge to be reaped from the transformed reports by the "man in the street or in the subway" is meant to be used by him. In such event, what is to become of Judge Frank's learned profession? Why will society continue to need its counselors, if, verily, every man not only will be presumed to know the law but actually will know it? Maybe finding the law will be the impossible task for the layman so that the lawyer will still be of service in the mechanical function of looking up the cases in the books. This suggests, too, that law school curriculums can be sliced to the single course in Legal Bibliography. But after a while perhaps the "man in the street or in the subway" can be taught to manipulate the legal indexes, which no doubt are also susceptible to simplification.

And the courts themselves. What lies in lurk for them? The authoritative grounds of decision, now to be expressed in every-day parlance, will be comprehensible to all. The authoritative technique, "the artificial reason and judgment of law," may as well be superseded by the layman's common sense. The authoritative ideal is beclouded now anyway, since the emphasis is no longer on the individual's maximum freedom consonant with the like freedom of his fellows, but tends towards compelled coöperation and collectivism. This would permit us to democratize the judiciary as it seems Judge Frank desires to do: let the courts be manned by laymen; not a word in the Constitution would forbid it.

What do we gain by it all? Away with the exorbitant fees we're always hearing about, away with the shyster lawyer (indeed, all lawyers), away with the *ipso facto's*, the *res ipsa loquitur's*. And the cost? Reckoned in would have to be the amusing and charming jokes about the devious ways of the old law, the tidbits about its professional practitioners, the cracks about its old courts, all to be lost in the reformation.

One wonders where it all started. Where and by whom was this conspiracy upon mankind begun to be perpetrated? Where and by whom was legal superfluous verbiage first utilized?

Overruled.

IRVING JACOBSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Repatriate Demurs

SIR: I am prompted to write regarding Emily Hahn's review of the new Robert Payne book, "Forever China" [*SRL*, Oct. 13]. I have just returned from service in the China Theatre, having spent nearly a year between Yunnan and Szechwan, Shensi and Kansu. I have returned with a great respect for China and the Chinese people.

In assigning this book to Miss Hahn for review, you have committed an injustice. It was an unfortunate editorial mistake. It is little less than amusing that she criticizes the title, and even dares to suggest that it was prompted by the title of a novel which recently made publishing history. And I am certain that Payne apologizes for having been in the "crucial places at the crucial moment." Was Miss Hahn writing an appraisal of the book-jacket, or of the book itself?

She objects to the author's "exquisitely careful" style. This is psychologically understandable; her own style is so wholly antithetical. At that, I should deny that Payne has striven meticulously for great literary height. At times his writing lacks cadence. It is *not* British; in fact, it seems strangely Chinese.

I have read much of China since returning. A good deal of it is rubbish. Much is biased, uninformed rot. Miss Hahn has contributed her own bit to the drivel. But here, for the American reader, is a book on the look and sound and smell of China, written by a man who has fallen in love with that country, and who wishes to share the unusual sensation.

SGT. REXFORD STEAD.

Rye, N. Y.

The Nicotinian Muse

SIR: The "Ode to a Cigar," beginning "Yes, social friend, I love thee well," may be the one whose author is sought by Gene Boardman Hoover [*SRL*, June 9, 1945]. It was written by Charles Sprague and appeared in *The New York Tobacco Plant*.

ALFRED H. DUNHILL.

London, England.

The Librarian's Stake in Education

SIR: Your Annual Education Issue [Sept. 15] was a splendid one; Dr. Carman gives emphasis to a sound point of view; the need for well-rounded individuals in a community which goes beyond local confines, be-

"Your room number is Trafalgar 8-8766. That's the first phone booth up the hall."

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yond nationalism, into a world community. Dr. Tead's lucid arguments and Dr. Carman's editorial combine the best in ideas with the best in style.

Schools and libraries are mentioned in the editorial as places for adult education; there is even a sketch depicting young people using a library. Surely librarians have a stake in education, and are competent to give views on educational problems. Why was not a librarian included in the distinguished roster of contributors?

ARTHUR R. YOURZ,
Assistant, Reference Department
New York Public Library.
Long Island City, N. Y.

No Holds Barred

SIR: I knew that the contents of my book, "Where Do People Take Their Troubles?," would be controversial. I realized, also, that there would be such "reviews" as pop up in the *New York Spiritualist Leader* and like publications—they traditionally blast wholeheartedly all questioning of efforts of trance mediums. However, I did not expect to meet, under the guise of a "review," the exhortations of occultian thobbing in the dignified pages of *The Saturday Review* [*SRL*, Sept. 22]. May I ask how you could expect Mr. Thomas Sugrue, whose excessive admiration of his favorite trance medium caused him to write "There Is a River" (from which I shall quote), would be able to approach objectively the task of reviewing a work which challenges the therapeutic value of such practices?

The story Mr. Sugrue tells of this trance medium is the usual exalted portrayal—this one, however, specializing in "psychic diagnosis" of physical disorders. Therein is portrayed the usual difficulties which occultians encounter with the law. In due time "associations" and "societies" are formed to obviate legal pressure so that, instead of medium and sitter, we have "employee" and "member of an incorporated ecclesiastical governing body." In New York City, this "religious" aspect enabled the trance medium to evade conviction as a fortune-teller. The medium has the usual endorsers by psychic "researchers" like Thomas L. Garrett. There are the usual complaints that "scientists shunned him." The "scientific" conferences of the group held discussions on "symbology, auras, numerology, modern trends in metaphysics, etc." At one time, one member "wanted to approach the scientists, especially the psychologists, but it was obvious that they would be hard nuts to crack." "Better leave them alone," the medium advises . . . "we'd be hooked." True scientists like Dr. Gardner Murphy and Dr. J. B. Rhine tarried briefly and passed on—with no comment.

Andrew Jackson Davis, a trance medium who antedated the Fox Sisters, is given considerable space by Mr. Sugrue, as is the admiration of Manly Hall (the one-man Philosophic Research Institute of Los Angeles). Toward the end of this portrait of occultian personalities, Mr. Sugrue steps out of character as biographer and gives us a dissertation on his theosophical concept of how the world happened, how it "vibrates," and a statement of our destiny—in the usual American occultian manner.

This is the Mr. Thomas Sugrue whom you have selected to give an objective "review" of my psychological research "Where Do People Take Their Troubles?" Is it your custom to assign to a Lutheran minister the task of making an objective appraisal of the Roman Catholic church? Mr. Sugrue's convictions are based on faith. Had he read my book, instead of "reviewing" it, he would know that I have repeated that demonstrations of faith healing can be evaluated only by those who possess such faith. I was a bit surprised at Mr. Sugrue's suggestion that "shouldn't we be a little abnormal now in the direction of the spirit?" Strange viewpoint for one who is an exponent of faith healing!

I can understand Mr. Sugrue's devotion to the trance medium who helped effect his cure. I can understand his acceptance of all of the points of view of this "psychic diagnostician." But with this "already confirmed self," from whence did you expect him to obtain the ability to understand my book, or even to care to do so? He quotes concepts I never expounded, conclusions at which I never arrived. In fact, he has metamorphosed me into one more vehicle through which he can express his occultian opinions. He accuses me of "shooting dead Indians." He shoots at even greater length—Indians that never existed—figments of what he would write into a book. He quotes Chaucer, Thoreau, Einstein, General MacArthur—anyone except the author of the book he was assigned to "review."

And that "quick fling around the circuit" I took—twelve years may not be important to one who regards life from the karmic point of view, but in terms of current living arrangements, and if Mr. Sugrue knows my age, twelve years is a sizeable piece of my life.

Mr. Sugrue makes the accusation that I was "bothering only to convince her already convinced self." Might I ask which of us, Mr. Sugrue or I, approached the task with a mind completely determined as to results? It is no secret that he doesn't like psychology, which he considers "in the same state of evolution which chemistry was in when it was called alchemy."

Might I suggest to him a more honest method of presenting his conviction of the superiority of trance mediumship over psychotherapy? I shall be happy to offer him the opportunity to work with scientists which he claims has been denied his mentor. I'll bring to his trance medium a troubled girl of twenty whose problems have not yet been resolved. I'll meet the expenses of transportation to bring her to the "psychic diagnostician." We shall invite a group of distinguished scientists to witness the results. We'll give the trance medium all the cooperation he wishes. Let's have this an objective appraisal of Mr. Sugrue's hero rather than to have it injected into a "book review" in which a reviewer with a mystical approach to life vents his ire upon a profession against which he happens to have a vehement antagonism.

"In Chaucer's time," says Mr. Sugrue, "all a seller of indulgences needed was a bag to hold his sheepbone." The changes herein seem to be slight to the Americanized version of oriental occultism—merely transmutative and juxtapositional. The sheepbone has become "scientific" jargon, and the customer now holds the bag.

LEE R. STEINER.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Will a skeleton key do?"

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TRADE Winds

FROM EASTPORT, MAINE, to Sappho, Washington, stretches the Northern boundary of the United States, some two thousand miles of rugged and ever-changing country, but all of it is the back-yard of one of America's most picturesque authors, Stewart Holbrook. Within the past six months, Holbrook has been in Bad Axe, Michigan, to check details on a story about the Frank Merriwell books, Bemiji, Minn., on an article about the wild rice industry, Bangor, Maine, for a story ordered by the *New York Tribune,* and Seaside, Oregon, to investigate the hemlock looper, which, I am sure you know, is a species of worm that is intent upon eating up our Northwestern forests. When I saw him, he was headed for Butte, Montana, to collect some data for a book he just signed to do for Crown Publishers. "That whole border," he said with an appropriately sweeping gesture, "is my big pasture."

Holbrook was born in Vermont, but his professional career began in Northern Minnesota. He was an actor in the Harry St. Clair Stock Company. Mr. St. Clair himself, a ripe sixty-nine, played the leads; his wife Jennie, just turned sixty-five, essayed the ingenue roles; and Stewart, all of seventeen, invariably was cast as an old man, wearing a moth-eaten set of whiskers that generally fell off before the second-act curtain. On the side, he yodelled and took tickets. The musical accompaniment was furnished by a single man, but St. Clair felt justified in billing him as a "full orchestra" because he invariably was. One night he passed out cold at the piano during the first act of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Holbrook had to play the music while Eva crossed the ice and howl like a pack of bloodhounds at the same time. One lady in the first row was so entranced she followed the company for two weeks.

The villain of the troupe was a young chap named William Pratt who tired of one-night stands and decided to try his luck in Hollywood. He didn't do badly there either—particularly when he changed his name to Boris Karloff.

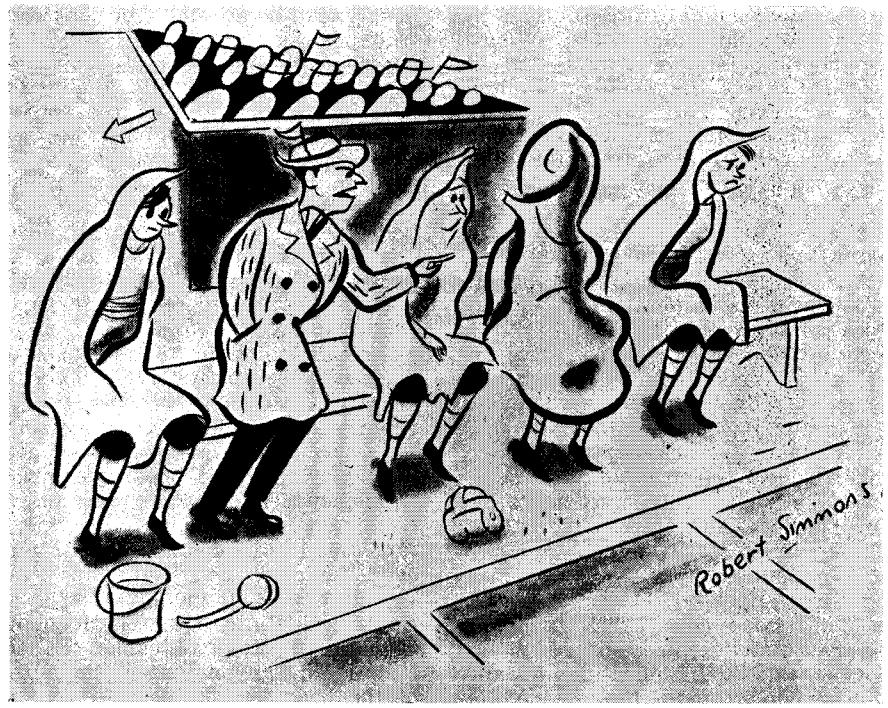
One of the towns on the St. Clair itinerary was Sauk Center, and a Dr. Emmet J. Lewis and his wife, prominent citizens of the community, came to see a performance of "East Lynne" in December, 1884. Harry St. Clair told the story at least once a day. "That doctor hated actors as a general rule," he would boast, "but when he saw me do 'East Lynne,' he got so excited that he persuaded his wife to name her forthcoming baby after me. It was born February 7, 1885—a boy—and sure enough, she drove over to St. Cloud, the county seat, to name it Harry St. Clair Lewis. Unfortunately, the registrar was hard-of-hearing, and he entered the name as 'Harry Sinclair Lewis.' It was a tragic error for the poor baby, but nothing could be done about it. I understand that boy has become a writer or something. If he ever writes a play, the St. Clair Stock Company will be proud to produce it—if there's a good part in it for me."

That boy Sinclair is just about monopolizing the literary reviews these brisk autumn days. "Cass Timberlane" is sweeping the country and will outsell even "Main Street" and "Arrowsmith." On the side, Mr. Lewis has been the center of two piping-hot literary imbroglios. In the October *Esquire* he hands it out to Louis Bromfield in the most pulverizing analysis I have read in many years. In the new Portable Fitzgerald, he is on the receiving end of an almost equally withering blast from Introducer John O'Hara. To complicate the situation further, O'Hara signed to write the motion-picture scenario of "Cass Timberlane." Spencer Tracy will play the part of Cass when MGM gets round to filming the story. . . .

TRADE WINDS ARE blowing word games in with every gust in the house. Bill Hall calls to mind Napoleon's palindrome, "Able Was I Ere I Saw Elba," but prefers Adam's terse and cadenced introductory salute to Eve, "Madam, I'm Adam." (Yes, he spoke English.) . . . Peter Bowman asks you to transpose *"funeral"* to two words, *"Presbyterian* to three, *"sweetheart"* to three, and *"Spanish marriages"* to four. (Answers to these and the following are in the next to the last paragraph of this column.) Caswell Adams vows there is but one word in the English language with four consecutive vowels; what is it? . . . Wolfe Kaufman asks for a word beginning and ending in "Und." . . . Frank O'Rourke wants you to produce entirely different words by rearranging the letters of RELATING, DIALECT, MADISON, and COASTING, and change CAPERING by adding a "Y." . . . Herbert Wise submits a poem with seven blanks; the same six letters, differently arranged, will spell out all the missing words:

A ..... sat in his ..... grey
Watching the ..... of moonbeams play,
And as he sat, this was his lay:
"Thou ..... the weak; thou ..... the strong.
To thee the ..... of battles belong."
And the ..... of leaves echoed his song. . . .

HIGH FINANCE . . . In spite of wartime taxation and the severe rationing of paper in England, Britain's book publishers evidently have not been faring too badly. One New Yorker has preserved a clipping from the *London Bookseller* of December 9, 1943—long before the Allies were out of the



"You there . . . whoever you are . . . go in at right tackle."

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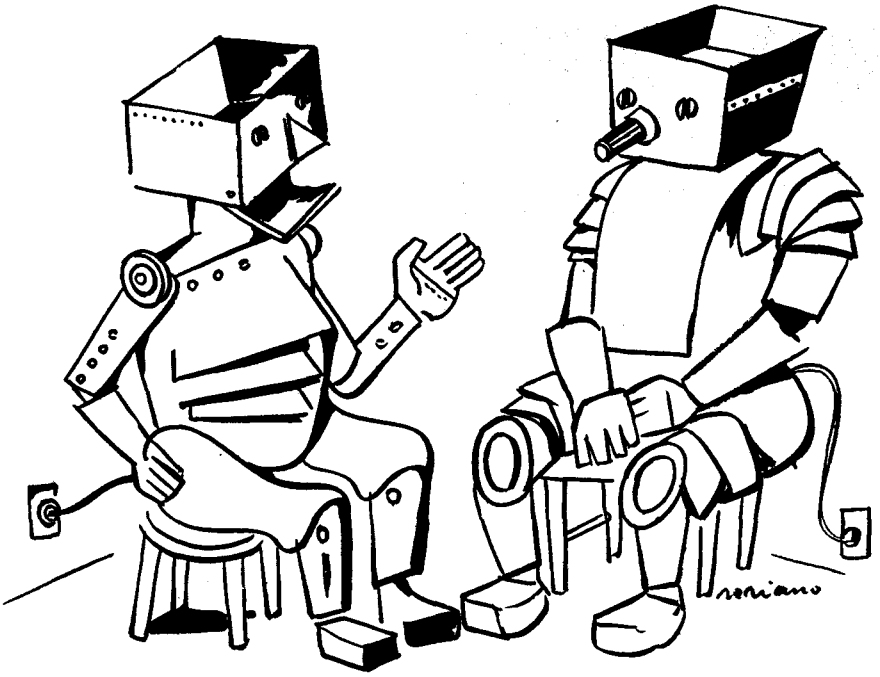


"I met a beautiful girl today . . . she's a model for 'Popular Mechanics'."

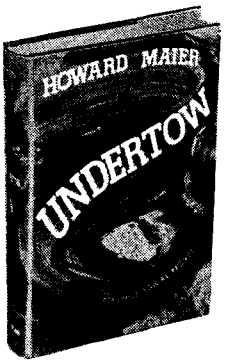
woods—which records the purchase of a two-year-old colt named Happy Landing by Walter Hutchinson, head of the well-known publishing firm, for 13,500 guineas. An English visitor explained grimly, "Hutchinson never made that out of publishing books." . . . In "Never Whistle in a Dressing Room," Maurice Zolotow tells the story of Hy Gardner, a columnist who bought a fedora for $3.75 and resolved to keep an accurate record of what it cost him to bail it out from hat-check concessionaires in hotels, restaurants, and night-clubs. In five months, the total was exactly $138.25. Gardner gave the chapeau to Believe-It-or-Not Ripley, and has gone bareheaded ever since. . . . Lupton Wilkinson once sold a short story to the august *North American Review* for the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars. Since then it has been reprinted in eleven textbooks on the art of the short story. When the twelfth eminent professor asked permission to anthologize it, Wilkinson wrote, "Use it if you care to, but I must remind you that before this story was sold for $25, it had been turned down by at least six popular magazines. Why you should want to teach anyone to write like that is beyond me." . . . *The Satevepost* has authorized John Drewry to make another canny collection of its close-ups of journalists and journals in the big money. The new one includes inside stories of *The New York Times* and *Christian Science Monitor*. . . .

ACCORDING TO Macmillan's 1945 Pan-American Yearbook there are more than twice as many radios in the United States as there are telephones: sixty million against 26,381,000. . . . Donald Geddes has resigned from Pocket Books and will announce his new plans after a short vacation. He was responsible for two of the finest Pocket Book projects to date: the Roosevelt memorial volume and "The Atomic Age Opens." . . . Here are the answers to the word games above: real fun, best in prayer, there we sat, rash games in Paris; queue; underground; triangle, citadel, domains, agnostic; panegyric; sutler, ulster, lustre, lurest, rulest, result, rustle. . . . It is a joy to have Charles Poore's book reviews back in *The New York Times*. . . . Daphne du Maurier's new novel, "The King's General," is the new January Literary Guild selection; Gladys Schmitt's "David the King" has been postponed to February because of manufacturing difficulties (it's almost twice as long as most Guild choices, and these days the printing and binding plants are so swamped that a difference like that in a run of over half a million copies is something to conjure with). . . . Jack Lait points out the revealing experience of Juliette Lowell in Hollywood. She sold a story to MGM, but they didn't like the title; Twentieth Century-Fox hadn't cared at all for the story, but were happy to buy the title! . . .

WHEN THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW first wrote short stories, she never had to worry about selling them; Henry Mencken, who knew a good thing when he saw it, bought all of them for *Smart Set*. One night he told her it was time she tried her hand at a novel. She followed his advice and sent him the manuscript, asking, "What do you think of it?" "It's great," said Mencken, "but I suggest cutting out about fifty pages." "Which fifty?" wired Thyra. "Any fifty," answered Mencken.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



THERE'S a lot of talk in publishing circles about the public being fed up with war books, all kinds of war books. Books about battles are transitory—even foreign correspondents on quiz programs can't quite seem to remember any more just what atoll or what was the nickname of the ace they saw perform in the Pacific. War moves so fast, that it changes your focus to a new theatre of action before you can feel the impact of the previous one. It is only when peace has come that you can feel the surge of war as it wells back from the antipodes of experience. It is only then that the impact of war really hits people who can think when they write.

When this impact hit HOWARD MAIER, he wrote **Undertow. Undertow,** among other things, is the story of Russ Davis, a former newspaperman in his thirties who was making a bad job of adapting to Army life. Like almost all maladjusted people, he was super-sensitive, and when the pressure (climaxed in a Negro killing by a Texas mob) became too great, he cracked. He cracked early in the book, and the rest of the book is the story of his voluntary submission to psychoanalysis. Under psychoanalysis Russ came to realize that he had been unable to adapt even to civilian life, and when he realized why, he was on the road to cure.

There were many reasons why he could not adapt, pressures on his mind like his own inability to get along with his parents, his inability to ask his girl to marry him, his brother's violent insanity and the "frozen writhe" of his suicide. The impact of these reasons might crack anyone and I suspect it was the author's warning that sanity is the fragile possession of those who are lucky enough not to suffer great strains or insensitive enough not to contemplate subjectively their ramifications.

HOWARD MAIER makes so skillful use of the technique of repeated flash-back, that we are brought right inside Russ' tortured mind to see a consistent and gradually evident thread of thinking which dips on the graph of sanity and then slowly rises. In other words, we are caught with Russ Davis in the **Undertow.**

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

"STYLES OF A NATION GLORYING IN VICTORY"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the absence of John Mason Brown on a lecture trip, David L. Cohn is guest writer of Seeing Things this week. Mr. Brown will resume his regular column next week.*

THERE has not been anything like it since the time when Paul Poiret, the French dressmaker, gazed into the eyes of fifteen hundred virgins at Chickasha in Oklahoma. Lecturing on fashion there and developing the theme that "it is not from fashion journals that you will learn to be beautiful"—a nasty blow at one of our sacred beliefs—M. Poiret sadly felt that his audience "had understood nothing." Then something happened.

"To repair this mishap," he tells us in his "King of Fashion," "the girls' directress gave permission to the pupils of the senior class to parade past me in order to learn from my own mouth which was the color that each ought to adopt. Thus, I saw file by in front of me, 1,500 virgins, into whose eyes I stared to discover the color of their irises, and I had to say immediately, like a seer, the tones that suited them. I said: 'Blue, green, garnet,' and the young ladies withdrew content."

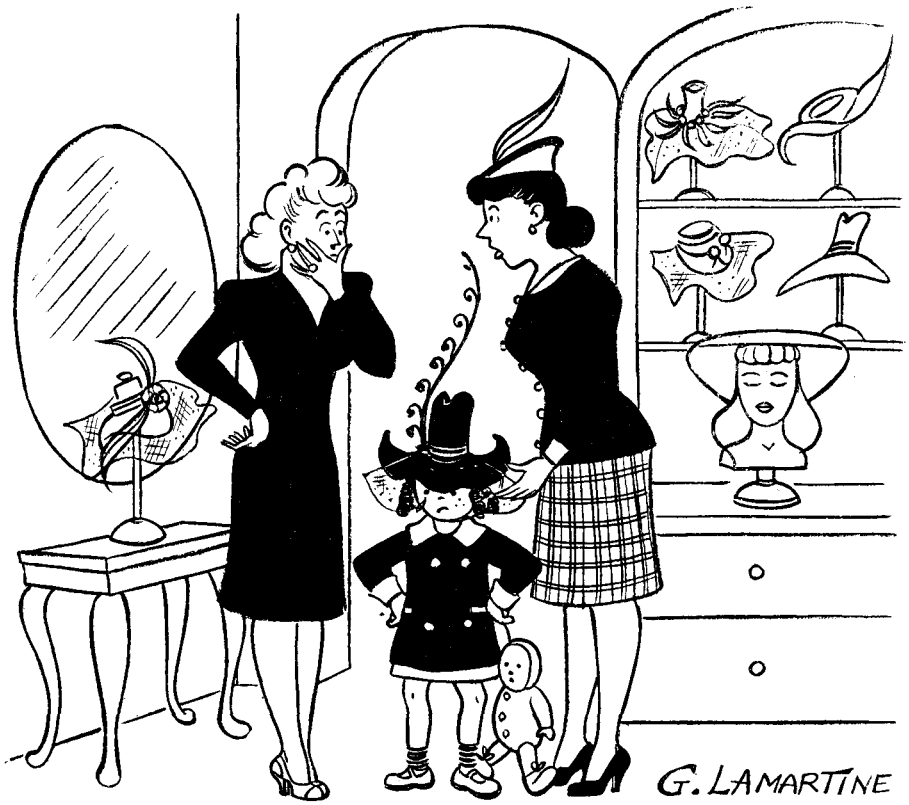
"You must know," he concludes with a touch of French weariness and practicality, "that I was fee'd a thousand dollars a lecture. You will agree it was not too much."

Nothing like this had occurred in the United States until the other day when *The New York Times* presented its fashion show in New York. This great newspaper, which will have no truck with the comics or syndicated columnists beloved by its less austere competitors, and which nonchalantly publishes in full the encyclical of a Pope or a report of the chief of staff is suddenly found to have a lighter side. It is able to talk the bright jargon of the fashions industry as nimbly as any of the shining golden girls who hold Social Security cards at *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar,* and *Town and Country;* size-fourteen hedonists lisping in Garment Center numbers.

The Times announced its venturings into Arcadia in a two-column first-page headlines: FASHIONS OF THE TIMES KEYED TO GAIETY OF LAND AT PEACE. It must not be supposed, however, that it has gone all-out pagan overnight. It is not, fortunately, the kind of newspaper that shocks or that delights in being shocked. Gay though it now is to the point of abandon because peace is here and war is no more, and shrill though its pipings as its ten-dollars-an hour Phyllisses moved through its property glades wearing the newest of the new, it is still conscious of its duty to the public as the elder statesman of journalism. We have its word to prove that its fashion show was put on to instruct rather than to amuse; to point the way now that peace has been nailed down; and to indicate that although we have walked through the valley of the shadow of death we have come at last into the promised land of nylon stockings, real rubber girdles which contain as they give so that flesh and figure hitherto irreconcilable are made one, and hats "that rise with splendid assurance." With rayon and nylon and rhinestones and the pelts of mink that once played at love in woodsy moonlight, we are trampling down the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. This is a fashion show with a high sociological content through which run strains of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," even if some of the more vulgar profess to believe that it is not entirely unrelated to the newspaper's business department and its coarse desire to increase department store advertising lineage. For my part, having always believed in *The Times,* I continue to believe in it. I abhor that rational skepticism all too common among us—a tricky device of foreigners—which seeks to destroy our pure idealism. Once again *The Times* proves itself, in Logan Pearsall Smith's phrase, "to have big bushy eyebrows and a Message for the Age."

Eloquently and exultantly as befits the occasion, in many a cadenced rhythm and lines that soar and sing, it tells us why it gave the show and draws the moral lest we who sit nodding by the fire should miss it. "Styles of a nation free from war and glorying in victory were headlined in the . . . 'Fashions of the Times'. . ." The leaders of the dress industry, coonskinned Daniel Boones to a man and dreamers all, are, we learn, pushing inward through the forests a song on their lips and stars in their eyes: "This year it [the fashion show] gives dramatic evidence that the industry enters the post-war world confident and cherishing dreams that it intends to fulfill."

They are not, however, the only dreamers among us. In the same issue that reported the dress industry's dreams, *The Times* also reported President Truman's: ONE-YEAR MILITARY TRAINING FOR YOUTH ASKED BY TRUMAN . . . STRONG U. S. URGED. PRESIDENT WARNS CONGRESS PEACE MUST BE BUILT ON POWER . . . Confronted with this choice between dreams and dreamers, I take my stand with the shirred, pleated, tucked, convoluted, involuted,



"Yes, I know it's a woman's hat, but she insists upon it."

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Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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piqued, hemstitched, bewhorled, embroidered, tiny tots, misses' size, juniormisses' size, stylish-stout, dreamers of the dress industry who in their midnight's eye see dress racks emptying as they are filled and no horrid ghosts of mark-downs to haunt them at the season's end because the ladies of Dallas were cold to beige and the girls of St. Louis wouldn't be caught dead in Sahara tan.

At earlier "Fashions of the Times" shows, the hypersensitive members of the dress industry and the buyers emotionally as fragile as Venetian glass, were somewhat upset by the presence of war as though they had all got hold of a bad clam in the regular $2.00 dinner, but "Not so this year. . . . A new mood of gaiety and exuberance seems woven into the clothes. The suits and dresses have a more romantic sweep. Hats rise in splendid assurance. Coats whirl out in gay colors."

This is indeed a time for gaiety and exuberance and fine frenzy shot through with filaments of Celanese. In this carnival spirit while lovers dancing swoon to the music of swarming violins, I say, Hail to thee, blithe Lidice! Some day, like our hats, you will "rise in splendid assurance." And to thee, hail: Coventry, Plymouth with blinded eyes looking out upon the Hoe, broken-backed London by the Thames, and many a wrecked village of the shires; St. Lo, Caen, and Carentan where even now German prisoners of war are shovelling French homes and hopes onto our Army trucks; and vanished Brest and Haut-en-Bourbach amid the wooded Vosges. Once too you dreamed but you did not dream so true as the dress industry and so you have been crushed for your error. Better luck the next war.

Joy kindling joy as fire creates fire, hail to you, returning veterans, who endured months and years of a hell composed of torn flesh and quivering nerves and fear and mud and slime and boredom; and to you, hail, veterans who still keep station far from the American earth. Thrice hail to you, the war dead, who occupy graves at the Persian Gulf, in India and China, Italy and France, Belgium and Germany, and lonely Pacific islands. Shrapnel tore out your guts. A sniper's bullet made a fascinating color combination of autumn russet and crayfish pink as it embedded itself in the soft tissues of your brain: tissues as soft as the fashionable Brighton Noncrushable Velvet. You were emasculated as you were eviscerated by a land mine so that if you had had your choice you would have taken death. You died in a delirium of cerebral malaria at the Pangsau Pass where, on a bright day, one has the incomparable experience of seeing

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K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
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Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
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at once China, Tibet, India, and Burma. Dysentery lashed at your bowels in Tripoli. You were drowned crossing the Rhine. Ten feet more and you'd have made it. You went out on a mission in New Britain and never returned. If the ants leave enough of you to make a handful of fertilizer you may arise a scarlet hibiscus. We haven't forgotten any of you, dead or living. It's just that in these busy, happy days of peace when "coats whirl out in gay colors and dresses have a more romantic sweep," we can't quite do all the things we'd like to do.

You there, sailor, dead in the tomb of your submarine at the bottom of the sea; you, GI, caressing your sweetheart with your eyes because you cannot do it with the steel hooks of your hands, see what peace can mean: "The flowing lines of a rich blue evening coat, buttoned with gleaming rhinestones, or the rainbow-hued evening skirt of lightest mist wavering over a rosy background, or the sleek lines of white and gold slacks turning into the sweep of a skirt were all part of the pageant that peace inspired."

Gods pipe on pipes of reed and birds burst their hearts with the exuberance of their singing and the dress industry creates fashions because the wonder of living, the strange, wild, heady wonder of living, the swaying, climbing fire of fierce exultation at being, drives them to do it. "They were creating not for business but for the sheer joy of showing how they felt." Michelangelos on their backs putting Creation on the ceilings of the Sistine.

The constant reader of *The Times*, like myself, finds all this illuminating and reassuring. We are back where we were before in 1936; even in 1919. As the advertisements sometimes say, "Nothing is changed; nothing is added." Perhaps it is better to perish in comfortable old dogmas to which we are accustomed, than to fashion new ideas with which to clothe ourselves. And while it may seem churlish, in view of the fact that the springtime of peace is again with us and *The Times* has splendidly given us a fashion show with a selflessness equalled only by the dress industry which creates for joy, I must nonetheless append here a random remark of Santayana's which is not altogether irrelevant to the matter in hand. He concluded that fashion is "that margin of irresponsible variation in manners and thoughts which among a people artificially civilized may be larger than the solid core." DAVID L. COHN.

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The War Against Death in War

OUT OF CARNAGE: The Battle Against Death in War. By Alexander R. Griffin. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1945. 327 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT Q. MAISEL

IN a world where every branch of science has concentrated, for over six years, on the destruction of mankind, medicine alone has remained the great paradox. It has been fully in the war. Without it, no country could have mobilized its armies, much less led them into battle in deserts and jungles. Yet its purpose has run counter to that of every other effort: the fight to save life has been its contribution to the world's death grapple.

Sooner or later, in one form or another, almost every wartime writer has been attracted by this paradox. Many, like Ernie Pyle, found themselves fascinated by the Christ-like devotion of the front-line corpsmen, slogging unarmed into battle with the doughfoot.

To this tremendous segment of war literature (much of it, like all heat-of-battle writing, soon to be forgotten) Mr. Griffin has now added another book. But history and the atom bomb have, alas, crossed him up. For he has tackled his subject with the expectation that the war would still be approaching its climax when his book reached the public. He makes no attempt to relate war medicine to medical or human history as a whole.

It would seem that Mr. Griffin was fully aware of his losing race with time. His volume gives every evidence of having been compiled with shears and pastepot from the press releases of the various Surgeons General. The human element, the insight into the strivings of the doctor and the feelings of the wounded, which might have come from even a short visit to some stateside military hospital, is completely missing. Instead we are deluged with figures, statistics, and abstracts of medical articles, all of them neatly organized and all lifeless.

In his transcription of the data provided by the PRO's, Mr. Griffin is commendably accurate. Yet his reliance upon such third-hand sources alone leaves his book a sad distortion of the truth of wartime medicine. In chapter after chapter one is told of how American doctors worked this or that miracle, with hardly a reference to the great inheritance we picked up, as latecomers, from our British and Russian allies and even, here and there, from the Germans.

Even within his self-imposed limitation to purely American aspects of war medicine, the author has hardly tried to tell the whole story. Instead he has selected a few of the more obvious—but not necessarily more important—subjects, seemingly on the basis of easy availability. He treats of "Soul Surgery"—he means psychiatry—but he ignores, save for a few passing mentions, the entire field of cut and patch surgery around which, after all, most of war medicine is necessarily concentrated. He devotes an entire chapter to Ice Anesthesia, an interesting medical curiosity. But he misses entirely the other anesthetic innovations, such as penthothal sodium, which have saved the lives of thousands for every one treated with ice.

Thus, except as a somewhat lopsided bibliography of technical military-medical articles, "Out of Carnage" fails to live up to its promising title, even if we accept it as an unfortunate victim of the conflict between printing schedules and the Jap's haste to surrender. As a post-war study of medicine's achievements in the war its value is, of course, virtually nil. Yet such a book is crying to be written: a book that will interpret the good and the bad of the wartime socialization of medicine (for that is precisely what Army medicine is) in terms of our peacetime needs. Some one should tell us how and why "regimented" doctors managed to perform life-saving miracles and devise significant advances in the techniques of treatment. Someone should analyze our wartime medical failures: the frostbite scandal in the Eighth Air Force, the shocking early record of failures in malaria prophylaxis that almost cost us Guadalcanal, the trench-foot mess of the Siegfried line. Someone should do this job for its value as a guide for both the public and the medicos in the future. But he won't find his source material in the boilerplate files of the Washington Public Relations offices.

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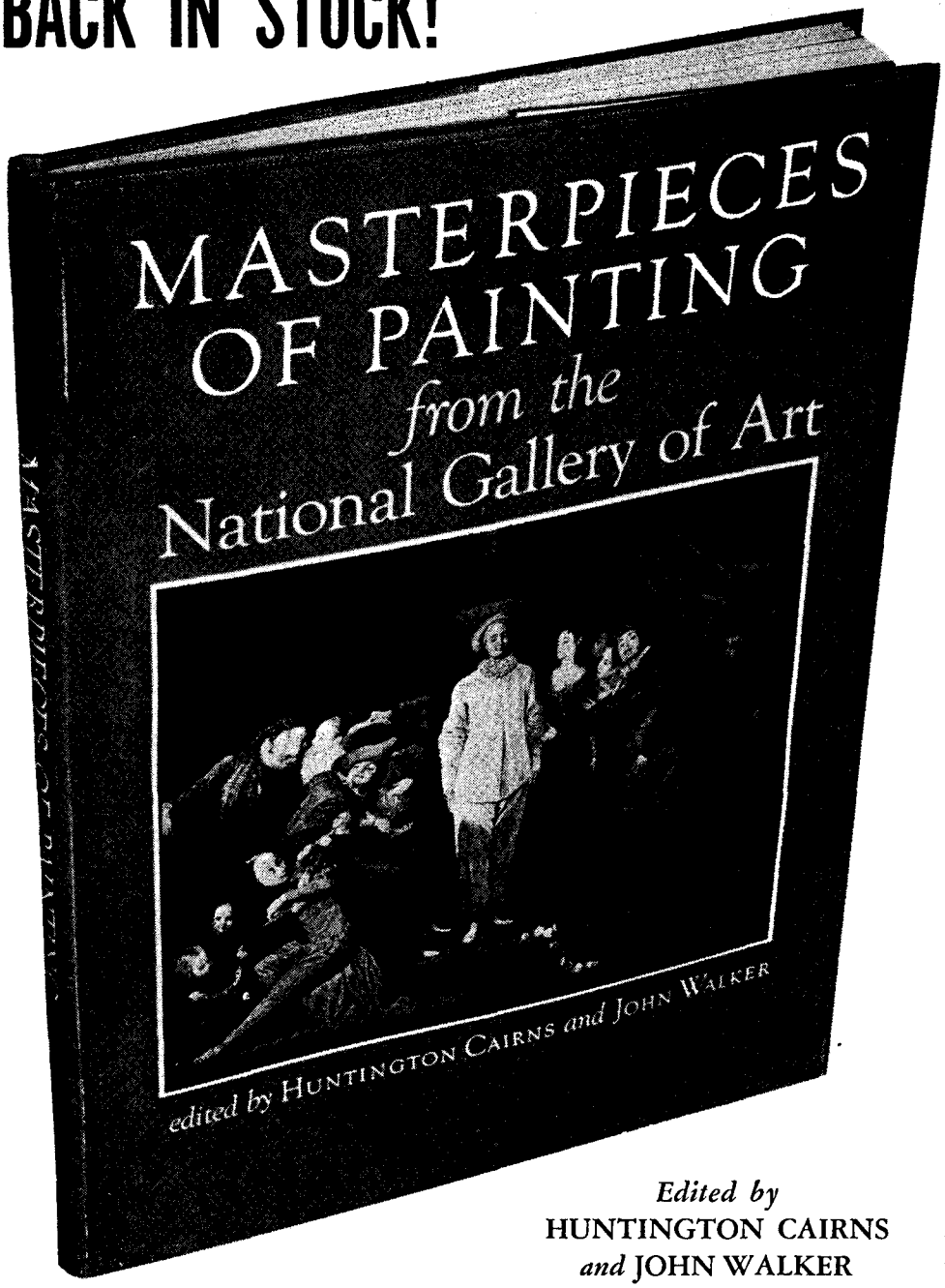

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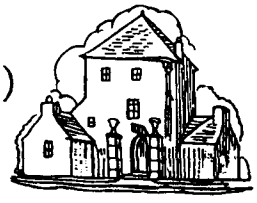

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A Study of Latin American Music

MUSIC OF LATIN AMERICA. By Nicolas Slonimsky. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1945. 374 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

A GOOD book on Latin American music has long been needed, but this is not it. The biographical sketches and the dictionary of musical terms included in the work contain quite a lot of useful information, but the critical and historical sections are superficial, inaccurate, and unreliable. If the author had confined his book to factual accounts of contemporary Latin American composers, he might have produced a mediocre but usable volume. Apparently such a scheme would not allow sufficient scope for the exhibitionism that seems to be such a prominent element in Mr. Slonimsky's character. The first part of his book, titled "Panorama of Latin American Music," is largely a colorful first-person narrative of what Slonimsky did to the Good Neighbor Policy in the course of various tours. These are some of the momentous facts we glean from this account: that Slonimsky's concert in Panama netted $168; that he had a troublesome molar attended to in Santiago; that a Cuban critic called him "King of the Baton"; that in El Salvador four hundred persons attended his concert, while the leading daily devoted four columns to its review. Fearing that these figures will not be sufficiently impressive, he is at pains to point out that an audience of four hundred in El Salvador "would be proportionate to 32,000 people turning up at Madison Square Garden," and that four columns in *El Diario Latino* "is proportionate to thirty-six columns of print in a week-day issue of *The New York Times*." That certainly should give the reader an idea of Mr. Slonimsky's importance.

Between these outbursts of self-glorification, Mr. Slonimsky imparts some rather odd information about Latin American music, such as the density of composers per area and per population, calculated according to his private "Formula for Musicological Eligibility." This display of "frivolous profundity" may amuse the author if not his readers, but it is difficult to tell when he is trying to be serious and when he is merely being frivolous, with or without profundity. Is he being profoundly frivolous or frivolously profound when he makes such statements as these: "The creative musician occupies an exalted place in the social fabric of the Latin-American countries. He is the pride of the nation. And he is given whole-hearted supported by the government." This must be "Slonimsky in Wonderland!" In support of this view, he cites the case of the Cuban composer Lecuona, who received a gold medal—a truly magnanimous gesture from the Cuban government. Lecuona is a highly successful and completely commercialized composer of popular music—his kind are always pampered everywhere. Another case: in 1943 the Mexican Government paid to the descendants of Jaime Nunó, composer of Mexico's national anthem, the sum of 368 pesos ($92) in payment of a bill for copying expenses incurred by the composer in 1854. A noble example of "whole-hearted support by the government!" Anyone really acquainted with the situation knows that most Latin American composers are badly off and that government intervention is more often obstructive than constructive.

If composers in those countries were really the privileged beings described by Mr. Slonimsky, it is hard to understand why he should state elsewhere that, "The majority of Latin-American musicians practise other professions besides music." As one example, he specifies: "Domingo Santa Cruz is a lawyer." Santa Cruz studied law, but never practised it, and music has been his profession for many years. Checking thirty biographical entries at random, I found only one musician who practised a non-musical profession.

According to Mr. Slonimsky, "Music publishing is a prolific business in Latin America." Actually, except in one or two countries, it is miserably backward and inadequate. He refers to Carlos Vega as "the editor" of "Fraselogía Musical," which he calls an "immense publishing project." But Vega is the author, not the editor, of this treatise on musical analysis. Slonimsky also refers to Vega's "Panorama de la Música Popular Argentina" as being profusely illustrated with choreographic drawings, whereas it does not contain a single choreographic design, being solely concerned with musical analysis. In discussing Argentine folk songs and dances, he ascribes a Spanish origin to them, simply because they have Spanish names, and in the same paragraph cites as authority Carlos Vega, whose theory is quite the opposite. This book should carry a notice, "Use with caution."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WORKS OF ART IN FICTION

Mary Jo Vines, of Dallas, Texas, asks you to name the title and author of the stories summarized below, in which pictures play an important part. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 44.

1. A prominent churchman's family hires a limner to paint their portraits at 15 shillings a head, each as a different historical character, in a rivalry with a neighboring family, but when the canvas is completed it is too large to fit in the house.

2. The valet of a famous English artist is accidentally buried under his master's name, and when the artist tries to paint later under the valet's name his pictures are considered forgeries.

3. A charitable art patroness is preyed upon by a gang of crooks who hold her as a prisoner in her own house after forcing her to buy a bad painting.

4. The second wife of a wealthy Englishman attends a costume ball given in her honor in a dress copied from a portrait of her husband's great aunt, only to find that his detested first wife had done the same thing on a previous occasion.

5. An Italian duke shows the envoy of his future father-in-law the portrait of his former wife.

6. The oldest son of a lordly house is haunted by the picture gallery of his ancestors, who all, with the exception of one bishop, agree that he must kidnap a fair maiden.

7. As a pioneer child she liked to hear stories about the beautiful painting of her aristocratic Scotch grandmother, but she sees the picture itself for the first time when her granddaughter receives it as a wedding gift.

8. As a versatile woman is putting the finishing touches on the portrait of her lodger as The Discus Thrower, the family of her daughter's boy friend interrupt her by coming for dinner a day ahead of time.

9. For a wedding present a wealthy collector gives his daughter a picture of a white monkey holding the rind of a squeezed orange in its outstretched paw.

10. An early masterpiece, done in his student days in Paris, is the picture of his sweetheart's foot, etched on his studio wall with the point of a compass.

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A Slice of the War

THE GOLDEN CARPET. By Somerset de Chair. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 252 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by SGT. MERLE MILLER

HIS publisher informs us, on the jacket of this book, that Captain Somerset de Chair is a very bright and colorful young man. Of that there is not the slightest doubt. When he was an eighteen-year-old undergraduate at Oxford (in 1929) he wrote "The Impending Storm," in which he predicted what few at the time were willing to admit, that another world war was inevitable. At twenty-four he was elected to Parliament, and just before the beginning of the war now ended he joined the Royal Horse Guards.

All the above information can be gathered from the jacket of the captain's 250-page book. By careful concentration on the confused prose inside, one learns that De Chair loathes bridge, likes poker, had great difficulty taking a bath while fighting the war, drinks practically nothing but tea (is, in fact, a "teatolitarian") and that the night before his first battle "a warm feeling of anticipation lulled me to sleep."

Except for his fondness for poker, the captain's colorfulness, precosity, and his other likes and dislikes were probably shared by very few of the fighting men with whom his narrative is concerned. For example, most British soldiers drink a great many beverages in addition to tea, including, at one time in the Fiji Islands, a large part of a carton of lemon extract given by the American Army to flavor the British ration. As for De Chair's sweet, anticipatory pre-battle sleep, that was unusual for any army at all. Most men toss nervously and lengthily the night before any battle at all (if their foxholes are roomy enough to allow tossing).

Naturally, "The Golden Carpet" does not deal exclusively with Captain de Chair. It attempts to tell what could and should be an exciting yarn.

In the spring and early summer of 1941, the German Army had already conquered most of Europe, and in the Near East, as in other, better informed parts of the world, a Nazi victory was considered inevitable. It was easy, therefore, for German agents to persuade an already anti-British Iraq leader named Raschid Ali to lead a revolt against the British, with the help of an Iraq army of 40,000 men (with British guns and training).

The first half of "The Golden Carpet" is the story of the British drive across 700 miles of desert to retake Bagdad. There were 750 men in Brigadier John Joseph Kingston's force (Kingcol), eight armored cars, and a handful of Arab scouts. Kingcol succeeded in retaking Bagdad from Raschid Ali and his troops, and, mainly by trickery, Kingston's men held their valuable prize until they were relieved by troops from India.

"The Silver Crescent," the second half of Captain de Chair's book, deals with Kingcol's equally successful attack on Palmyra, in the almost unknown British war against the Vichy French in Syria.

Out of his experiences as intelligence officer of Kingcol, Captain de Chair has written what might possibly be a good intelligence report since (with the possible exception of General Marshall's recent report) official military prose is almost always turgid and difficult to interpret. But "The Golden Carpet" is far from a good book; it is certainly not, as the captain seems to think, in the tradition of T. E. Lawrence.

The captain does not (and appears to make no attempt to) understand the Arabs who helped win the battles he describes—except to mention that they stank; he fails to explain why the Iraquis were amenable to Nazi persuasion in the first place, and he certainly does not make human beings out of the British enlisted men who, along with the "old school tie" officers, also made the desert drive—and probably had even more difficulty than the captain in taking a bath.

"The Golden Carpet" may interest military historians. Anyone else will find it tough and completely unrewarding going.

—Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

"'The Golden Carpet' is certainly not, as Somerset de Chair seems to think, in the tradition of T. E. Lawrence."

Madame Bonaparte

By Eleanor Glenn Wallis

BETSY PATTERSON would listen to a gypsy
And because of this credulity
She delighted in young Captain Bonaparte
With his grace and French garrulity.

But it was the Emperor himself who spoked their wheel
By refusing to acknowledge
Jerome's marriage and demanding its annulment
By the Pope and papal college.

Neither would he let her disembark at Lisbon
And eventually Jerome
In a spineless fashion yielded to Napoleon
While his Betsy sailed for home.

After this she held him in well-earned contempt
(In his kingdom of Westphalia
With a second wife, a court and likewise all
His particular regalia).

Parsimonious, she kept to a great age
Her beauty and her fortune:
She was never lavish (save with acid wit)
Though a beggar should importune.

And in spite of international renown,
She would seem to have the savor
Of a fruit kept in cold storage overlong
That has darkened and lost flavor.

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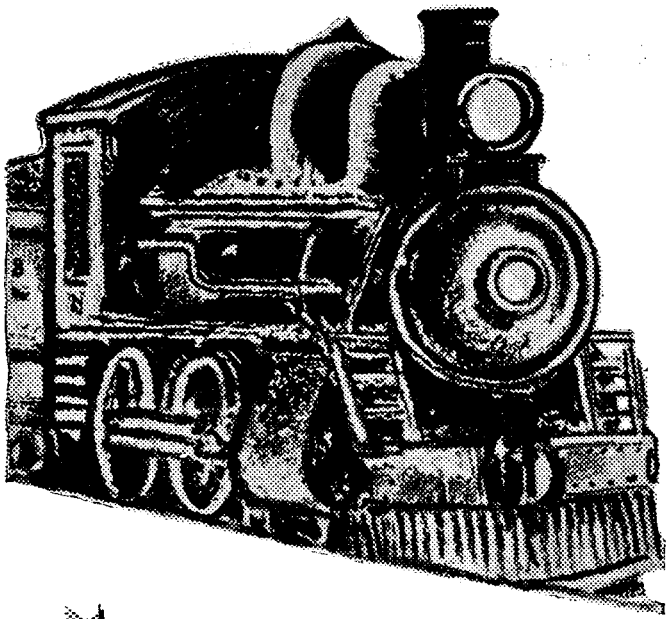

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The Elizabethan Period in Romantic Guise

TANSY TANIARD. By M. B. S. Strode-Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MISS ROSAMUND VENETIA TANIARD was a remarkable young woman. She was the daughter of a remarkable father who found a girl in nun's habit in the road, shortly after Queen Mary's death, and within a year had "wooed and wedded her." She was from Venice, but how or why she had gotten to "a Priory or Nunnery within the precincts of Canterbury" and thence escaped, her daughter did not know, nor apparently Miss Taniard's sponsor—to call her by no harsher name—Miss M. B. S. Strode-Jackson, who rashly has allowed Tansy, born about 1565, to tell her own story.

Tansy is fifteen years old when her tale begins—her mother died at her birth "leaving me a lusty infant, setting the dark oak of my cradle aflame with a burnish of Venetian red hair"; Tansy, it is evident, started noticing very early in life. Her father marries again, and Tansy has a stepsister. She was an ignorant little thing and married a vulgar fellow; but Tansy takes lessons in Latin and other subjects with Master Cotterill, tutor to the children of Sir James and Lady Peridot, Taniard's neighbors. Taniard is murdered in London, and leaves all his farm and wealth to Tansy who, after some trouble with relatives, secures and keeps her inheritance.

From the time of her succession she has adventures and excitements in plenty; but she has the resilience of a substance, rubber, as little known in Elizabeth's times as many of the words and phrases this young lady uses. I do not know whether Tansy's knowledge or ignorance is the more surprising. The prayer book of Elizabeth came into use in 1559, yet Tansy is surprised to hear the English language in church as late as 1581; and in that year by some odd lapse of the authorities, Lady Peridot finds a priory of nuns in Lewes and retires there when Queen Elizabeth comes to stay in her house. A great many histories think ill of Henry VIII for dissolving the monastic houses, but none has accused him of inefficient persecution.

Tansy presents the Queen with a wig made of her own girlish hair—the same with which she set fire to the old oaken cradle. She is plagued by the attentions of Peridot's oldest son, Foix, who certainly has simple ideas of wooing, such as tieing Tansy's plaits to the branch of a tree and other pranks; a Dutchman brings a crowd of refugees from Holland to settle on the farm, and Tansy discovers that he is a Protestant spy, and Foix is helping the Jesuits. Fortunately Tansy has fallen in love with a gay, laughing, fighting Scotch-Frenchman, a cousin of Lady Peridot's, and has the ill-luck and good luck which accompany lovers in romances. Rupert de Boscage is also a politician, but for his own ends, heeding little of the quarrels between Papist and Protestant, French and English, even that between Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland. His aim is to recover his estates in France, and to do that serves Francis Walsingham, while playing with the Guises and the Duke of Lorraine. Both Tansy and he nearly get killed through their own indiscretion; but the story has the appropriate happy ending.

As an historical novel "Tansy Taniard" must be one of the worst to be published for many a year. Miss Strode-Jackson is rash enough to make Tansy write this record; and in the first five pages I encounter words no one used in Elizabethan times, phrases completely uncharacteristic of the time, and such absurd mistakes as those already noticed. Tansy declares, fairly early in the book, "I had suddenly become old, sophisticated, conscious of sex, conscious of all the problems of feminine life"—a sentence that could not have been written before this century. After she's cut off her hair she thinks—"the ego would remain the same." In this way Miss Strode-Jackson destroys, on page after page, any chance of giving her book verisimilitude; and any one who cares to read an improbable romance had better let the history go, though in her accounts of great parties, in the sketches of Walsingham, Leicester, and Elizabeth, the author shows some talent at reconstruction. The portrait of Philip Sidney is, I hope, a libel. That noble soldier and poet had no doubt some of the faults of the bitter Protestant party to which he adhered, but I cannot believe he was such a prating prig as Miss Strode-Jackson presents.

The author, so the publishers assure us, spent a long time, when she started on this book, "in the Bodleian Library in Oxford consulting original manuscripts which rarely see the light of day." I wish they would give us their catalogue numbers, and explain why, with the great Rolls series to consult, there was any need to scrabble for these fly-by-night documents.

Martyr

By Frances Minturn Howard

BEWARE this man who carries in
His breast the fagots that shall turn
His little bones to curling ash;
Himself this man shall burn.

Avoid his table, where is served
The stones that are his daily bread;
This is a curious board he keeps;
A skull sits at the head.

The fluid element that wears
His flesh, more violent than kind,
Shakes off the fragile body-stuff
From the harder mind,

And he shall move the rooted hills
And make the rocks articulate,
And tear the rivers from their beds
To come upon his fate.

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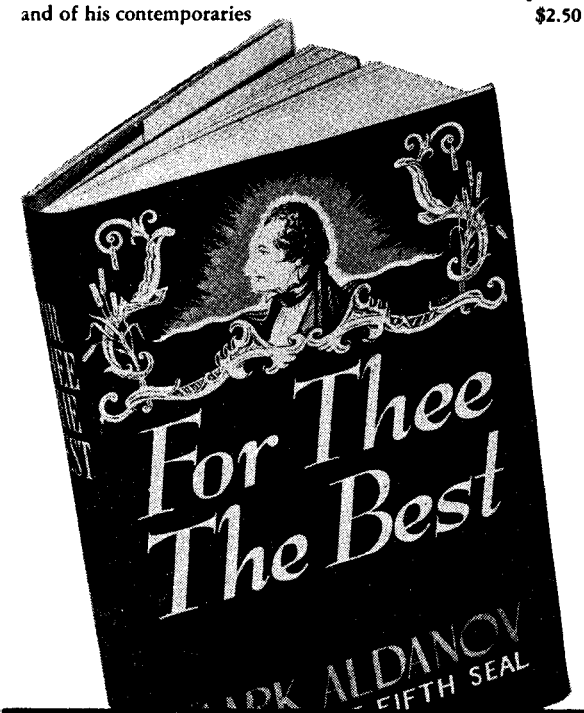

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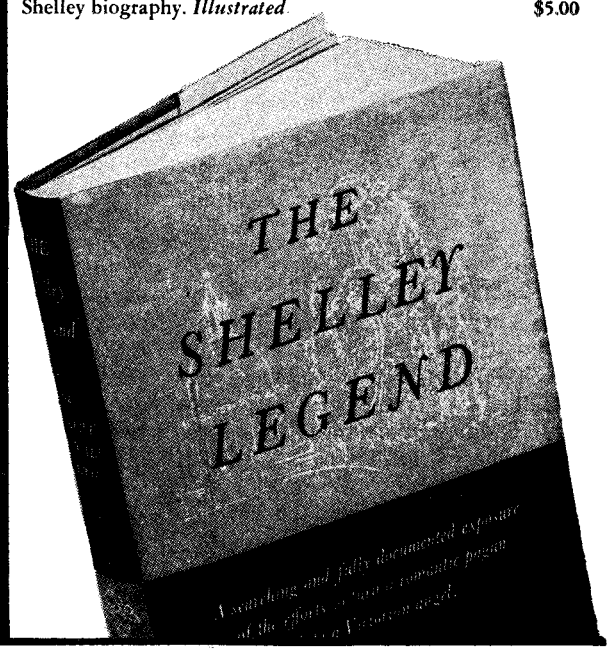

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Thomas Wolfe, Poet

A STONE, A LEAF, A DOOR. Poems by Thomas Wolfe. Selected and Arranged in Verse by John S. Barnes. With a Foreword by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 166 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE experiment made by John S. Barnes in going over the novels of Thomas Wolfe for the purpose of selecting and arranging passages in cadenced verse is one that could not have been made with the average American novelist. The success of Sergeant Barnes in his field raises the question: Who are some of the other authors of fiction whose writings are inherently poetic? One thinks immediately of Hawthorne and Melville, of Sherwood Anderson, and in our day of Hemingway and Katherine Anne Porter. Each of these masters of the art of literature has revealed a deeply personal nature whose intensity of expression ranges life on a lyrical or dramatic scale and whose particular ritual found its form in poetic prose.

It is possible to read and enjoy "A Stone, A Leaf, A Door" as a book of poems and to disregard the novels from which they were drawn. Here, from beginning to end, one is confronted by an impassioned youth imprisoned in flesh and spirit seeking escape from personal exile and ranging from the womb to the grave in a rhapsodic state of despair and exultation. The book is a theme with variations, and the theme is the author himself seizing on natural images to symbolize his embattled existence and destiny. At times he sounds like one of the Hebrew mystics:

> Which of us has known his brother?
> Which of us has looked into his father's heart?
> Which of us has not remained forever prison-pent?
> Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?

And he seeks "the great forgotten language,"

> The lost lane-end into heaven,
> A stone, a leaf, an unfound door.

While the book is primarily concerned with time and eternity and there is hardly any reference to specific events, the above lines are prophetic of the dilemmas of mankind in a second post-war world. The loneliness of Wolfe in a state of perpetual autointoxication belongs to an age when individualism and isolation were paramount. In a sense, the poet inherited the mood of the first post-war world which gave rise to Gertrude Stein's "lost generation." And yet, in reaching out from an inner to an outer self, or to a personal universe, he was never guilty of the petty disdain and cynicism of most of his fellows. His vision of an age in decline was larger and more heroic than theirs and reminds one of Ecclesiastes in the lines:

> The laurel, the lizard and the stone
> Will come no more.
> The women weeping at the gate are gone,
> And will not come again.
> And pain and pride and death will pass,
> And will not come again.

The poems are generally composed in broad running lines which remind us of Whitman as well, and of Hart Crane and his belief in rivers, bridges, and the sea. And Wolfe, in the midst of his tumult and rhapsodic vein, was capable of carving an image in the manner of the supposedly out-dated Imagists:

> And who shall say—
> Whatever disenchantment follows—
> That we can ever forget magic,
> Or that we can ever betray,
> On this leaden earth,
> The apple-tree, the singing,
> And the gold?

In one of his many unrhymed odes, Thomas Wolfe, after arraigning mankind for its bestiality and destructiveness, concludes that "it is impossible to scorn this creature."

> For out of his strong belief in life,
> This puny man made love.

The poet shares with Whitman, Crane, and Stephen Vincent Benét a faith in America in the face of every evil our land or its misleaders have committed. Wolfe died in his fortieth year and remained youthful and visionary to the end. But there are mature as well as youthful questions in "Where Are We to Seek?," a remarkably pregnant poem for which not alone America, but the family of nations in consultation, must find the earliest answer.

> The years flow by like water,
> And one day it is spring again.
> Shall we ever ride out of the gates of the East again,
> As we did once at morning,
> And seek again, as we did then,
> New lands, the promise of the war,
> And glory, joy, and triumph.
> And a shining city?
>
> O youth, still wounded,
> Living, feeling with a woe unutterable,
> Still grieving with a grief intolerable,
> Still thirsting with a thirst unquenchable—
> Where are we to seek?
>
> For the wild tempest breaks above us,
> The wild fury beats about us,
> The wild hunger feeds upon us—
> And we are houseless, doorless, unassuaged,
> And driven on forever;
> And our brains are mad,
> Our hearts are wild and wordless,
> And we cannot speak.

Singer of the Land of Dreams

THE BURNING-GLASS and Other Poems. By Walter de la Mare. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 124 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A CERTAIN limitation of range is the only thing that prevents Walter de la Mare from being one of the great poets of our time. Anyone who has really studied the art of poetry must recognize his amazing dexterity with the sound of words, the juxtaposition of syllables, the conjuration of color and pictorial intensity from word and phrase. He has done so many wholly delightful things in poems both for children and adults that the list is too long to quote here. He has, even as did Coleridge, elected as his native land that intermediate region between sleep and waking, the land of dreams, but a land undisturbed by the agonized realization of the disjointed machinations of men that ever and again shattered the dream of William Blake. For the most part, in the poetry of de la Mare, there is dreamy music, beautiful vision, antic horror, fairy-tale color and humor. And as I say this, I realize that he once drew a picture of a prisoner in the dock—for some of his poems are akin to the drawings of William Mulready, occasionally even of Hogarth—that was both stark and terrible. In "The Burning Glass," his latest book at the age of seventy-two, the old skill is there, the old beguiling meditation, the same brushwork that is so careful and precise and yet so evocative, though some of the poems are almost like slightly faded replicas of former work, as is natural. The volume includes a long poem, "The Traveller," that leaves a decided impress on the mind. It is Man's eternal search through the world and the universe, and ends in what is very near despair, or else I misread; it is tiny man travelling the waste and bare curve of the globe that like an enormous eye regards the night. Whatever you may think of its mood, it is hard to forget. It is an extraordinarily sustained parabolic fantasy. But whether De la Mare is observing a tomtit or a dead jay, a fish in a bowl or swifts flying, he is poet to the bone, and one of the most endearing of our time.

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A Re-issue of Bigmore and Wyman

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PRINTING, WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS. Compiled by E. C. Bigmore and C. W. Wyman. New York: Philip C. Duschnes. Second edition. 1945. *Two vols.,* 462 + 546 *pp.* $22.50.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

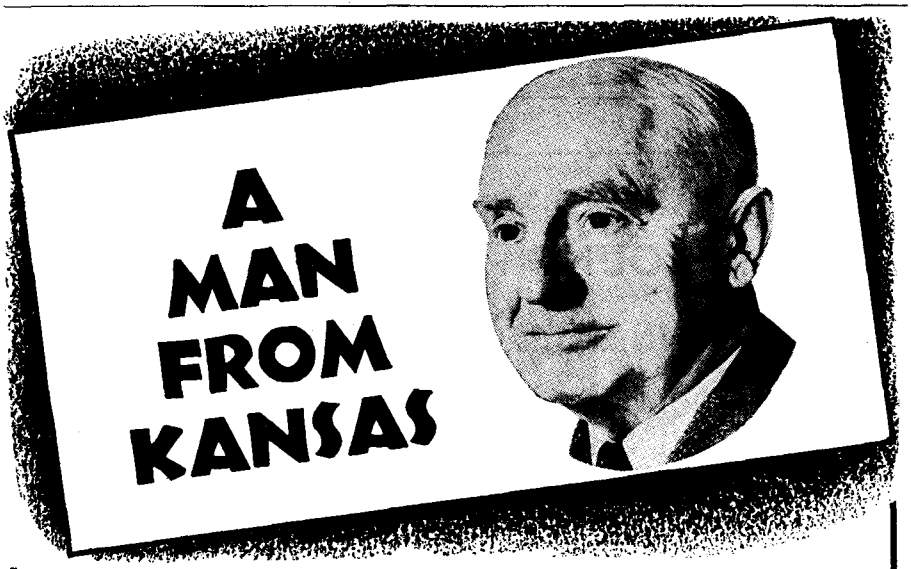
THAT a bibliography of printing issued sixty years ago should be of sufficient value today to warrant a facsimile reprint without textual or editorial revision is a matter requiring some explanation. Since the last volume of Bigmore's and Wyman's compilation was published by Bernard Quaritch in London in 1886, much has been written about the history and technique of printing. In fact, almost all modern bibliography has been written since the appearance in 1897 of the third and last volume of that fine collection of essays in *Bibliographica.* In the matter of quantity, the late Douglas McMurtrie contributed, between 1917 and 1944, over five hundred titles, ranging from thin pamphlets to stout volumes; in quality such an outstanding periodical as *The Fleuron* was issued between 1923 and 1930; while in the history of type faces, the specimen books of the period before 1886 show hardly a type face now available for printers.

It is obvious that if Bigmore's and Wyman's list were to be brought up to date, a prodigious amount of labor would be entailed both in the minor field of corrections and the major one of additions. Facilities for such a revised edition are more readily available now than they were in the 1880's, because of the greatly expanded collections of such material now in this country, but no one has had the means or the courage to embark on such an enterprise, although the late Henry Lewis Bullen, Librarian of the Typographic Library of the American Type Founders Company (a magnificent collection now permanently housed at Columbia University), made a tentative beginning. There have been some definitive bibliographies of specific subjects and of individual printers, incorporated in biographical treatises, and there have been several fragmentary lists issued from time to time, but Bigmore and Wyman remains the only authoritative listing of works in the field.

E. C. Bigmore, a London bookseller, and C. W. Wyman, a London printer, began their labors separately in 1874, and at the suggestion of Quaritch they joined forces. Their compilation was published serially in the English *Printing Times and Lithographer,* of which Wyman was editor. This serial publication gave opportunity for revision and addition as the work progressed. The pair were aided by John Southward, a London printer and the author of "A Practical Handbook of the Art of Typography," who wrote many notes on the listed titles, and by several Continental authorities, as well as by Theodore L. DeVinne. After careful revision, the bibliography finally appeared in three volumes, dated 1884, 1884, and 1886.

The arrangement of the material is primarily alphabetically by authors, although some sections are grouped, as "periodical publications," also arranged alphabetically. Many of the title entries carry biographical and historical notes, frequently elaborate and extensive. These notes, based to a certain extent on the memory of then living men, form perhaps the most interesting if not the most valuable feature of the work.

The work was meticulously printed in Wyman's own shop. The original edition was limited to 250 copies, and it has become so essential for libraries as to remove all surplus copies from either private hands or the market. Pristine copies of the three volumes have sold for a hundred dollars. Yet every collector of books on printing needs to refer to it constantly. Under the circumstances it was desirable to make the work available to a wider clientele, and Mr. Duschnes deserves thanks for taking the production in hand.



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Of North Carolina

MEMORIES OF AN OLD-TIME TAR HEEL. By Kemp Plummer Battle. Edited by William James Battle. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1945. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

I DISTRUST my judgment on books like this one. Old Dr. Battle, who for so many years was president of the University of North Carolina, was a fragile, white-bearded old gentleman in my North Carolina youth. And his book is a memory of the North Carolina past, comic, sad, and very human, which I absorbed like blotting paper from my elders. Naturally these memories of a State laid together with humor and spirit in a book delight me. And I am almost sure that anybody on this continent who takes pleasure in the human aspects of the American past will enjoy it, too.

Dr. Battle's memoirs are almost exclusively local and personal but they are so local and personal that they are universal, too. He is concerned with few dull details of State history. But he was concerned with the American characters of his place and time and the anecdotes in which they moved in terms of comedy, tragedy, terror, and drama. In a sense Dr. Battle's book has the quality in writing of the best old time Southern (and Northern and Western and Eastern) conversation. He writes in good talkiness not to instruct but to amuse and entertain. And the whole result is one of the best and most easily read social histories of the South from 1820 to 1890 that I have ever found.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 124

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 124 *will be found in the next issue.*

NUJQ UB UGRUGUNQ

JFHQJQGN PUNTFON FGQ

JFJQGN FR CQBN.

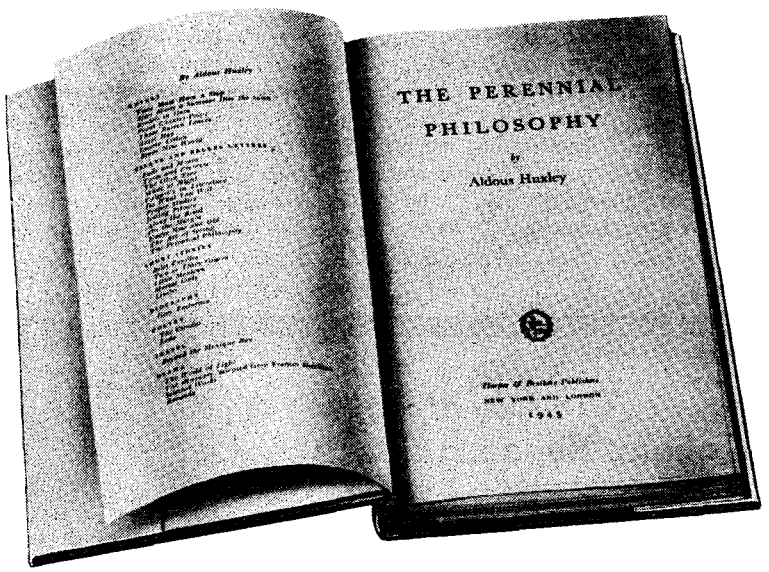
—PZC ZGM EQZLQ. QEUKFSOQ.

—NFKBNFU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 123

A COMMUNITY IS LIKE A SHIP; EVERY ONE OUGHT TO BE PREPARED TO TAKE THE HELM. —AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. —HENRIK IBSEN.

"Perhaps the most needed book in the world." —N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW



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—John Abbot Clark, *Chicago Tribune*

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The Airman and the Battle for Self-Control

MEN UNDER STRESS. By Lt. Col. Roy R. Grinker, M.C., and Major John P. Spiegel, M.C., Army Air Forces. Philadelphia: Blakiston. 1945. 484 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THOUGH this is a clinical study of neurotic illness, the excerpts from sixty-five objectively written case reports bring home, better than many books and films with popular appeal, what it meant to be a flier in our Air Forces. The authors were stationed with our Air Forces in Tunisia, where they observed and treated acute psychiatric battle casualties. Then at the Don Cesar Hospital in Florida their patients were airmen returned from foreign service. The neurotic pictures were different at the two stations. The men fresh from combat were anxious, or they were ill from their efforts at mastering anxiety, and to some extent unwanted hostilities. In Florida the predominant picture was depression. The authors' work convinced them that there is no specific "war neurosis," and they question the validity of certain views to that effect which originated among the psychiatrists of the First World War. They believe that the neuroses they observed were explicable in the same terms as those of peacetime, with childhood experiences and conflicts playing crucial predisposing roles.

However, they recognize the special wartime situation which precipitates these states, and their study demonstrates the clinical applicability of Freud's conception of group psychology. The airman was a member of a small group. His morale was not due usually to a rational appreciation of the political aims and democratic ideals for which he was fighting. It was based on trust and confidence in the character and competence of his leader, as if in a father, and on his identification with his fellow combatants as if they were brothers. Men fought under terrible stress without cracking when this psychological situation prevailed. But poor leadership or repressed hostile tensions within the group led to conflicts and neurotic attempts to solve them. The symptoms due to anxiety or its repressed equivalents dominated the neuroses seen at the combat station, so that the psychic conflict was often difficult to see immediately. The depressions were usually cleared up when the patient was made conscious of the aggression directed towards some member of his own group, which he was repressing, and his concomitant guilt feelings. Such aggression was found to originate chiefly in unresolved rivalries brought along from family situations.

Many depressions arose in the United States after the airman had returned from combat service, where he had shown no neurotic conflict. In the same group were many who were pathologically irritable and even violently aggressive. These men, it was discovered, had been gratified in their dependent needs while they were in the service; they had set great store on being cared for. They had felt secure and their return or discharge threw them back on themselves and demanded that they be independent and self-sufficient. Unconsciously, the effect was the same as if a child was deserted; the aggression and rages were reactions of the helpless. This type of aggression, the authors point out, is the social danger of the returned soldier—not an aggression carried over from his combat experiences. American young men never learn to kill with pleasure; but they can easily feel insecure, and unprotected. And such insecurity is capable of exploitation by unscrupulous political leaders, by Fuehrers, who promise them an illusory security in organization.

The authors present certain views on anxiety, which will interest their psychiatric colleagues, but which need checking. Other points will provoke discussion too, but essentially the main theses will seem sound and convincing.

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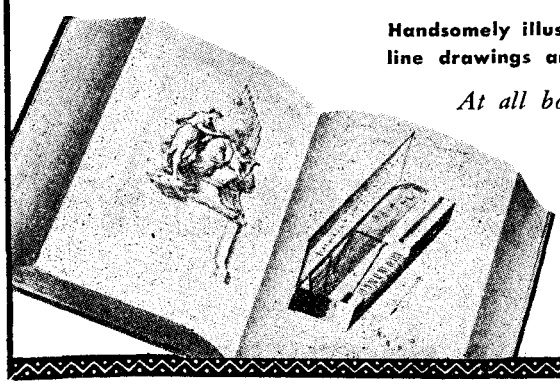

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GI JARGON: ITS PERILS AND PITFALLS

(*Continued from page 8*)

sula than with the French colonials. But I venture to guess that there are other reasons why we take more readily to Italian. First of all, there were men in every outfit who were already fluent in colloquial Italian, seldom true of French. Conversely, few men had been taught Italian in high school or college, but such education is not often of much use anyway. Many of us were acquainted with American families where Italian was the home tongue, again rare for French. And finally, Italian is pronounced "more like it looks" than French; once past the difficulties of *i* pronounced as *e* and other vowel sounds, the peculiarities of *ch, gl,* and *gn, c* before certain vowels, and so forth, the language has a tendency to pronounce itself. The American inclination to pronounce every letter in sight finds a parallel in Italian. "Signore" is not shortened to "s'nyo" as "monsieur" becomes "m'sieu," and

there are few exotic sounds in the language which cannot be quickly acquired. The rolled Italian *r,* for example, is a cinch compared to the uvular *r* of French.

These are elementary considerations, to be sure, but the speech a soldier acquires in a foreign land is likely to be elementary too. If he wants a drink of wine, vino is a good blunt word that gets results and is easy to remember—and has none of the rarified tone of vin. Mama mia has a heartier and more profane sound than mon dieu, despite their literal meanings. The same goes for grazie over merci, with the accidental advantage of being amenable to a disreputable pun, "Grazie, Nazi"—answered by "Prego, Dago." Unlike Boches or Allemands, the Italian word Tedeschi has taken its place beside Kraut and Krauthead as a term commonly used for the German enemy.

Such Italian expressions, along with come sta? ffuanto costa? capisce? and the ever-present Aspett! Aspetti! (Wait a minute!) are very much part

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—CARLETON BEALS, *Saturday Review*

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—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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★ Léon Blum, *leader of the Socialist Party*

★ Léon Jouhaux, *Secretary General of the General Confederation of Labor*

★ Louis Saillant, *President of the National Council of Resistance*

★ Jules Romains, *author of "Men of Good Will"*

★ André Maurois, *of the French Academy, author of "Ariel" and "Byron"*

★ Paul Bastid, *Deputy and Former Minister, Director of "Aurore"*

★ Geneviève Tabouis, *author of "They Called Me Cassandra"*

★ Louise Weiss, *feminist leader*

★ André Siegfried, *of the French Academy, author of "America Comes of Age"*

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of everyday speech for American soldiers in Italy today. We've even given the Italian language the honor of providing names for our precious jeeps. In North Africa you might occasionally see one named Cherie or Fatima, but they were few and far between. Here in Italy no one raises an eyebrow when Cara Mia or Umbriago whips by, or Tina or Topolino or Non Possibile.

Of course, jeep names are a study in themselves, largely independent of time and place. In Kidney Buster you have a succinct comment on the riding qualities of a particular vehicle. A supply sergeant who paints What Basis? on his jeep drops a sly hint to prospective "customers" that he's a hard man to hornswoggle. The company clerk-typist shows what kind of life he leads with his jeep name, Five Copies. And then there is that famous sorority of Misses, unmarried ladies whose strange last names appear on jeeps around Naples. There is Miss Conduct, and her close relatives Miss Behavior and Miss Demeanor. Other families represented include Carriage, Quotation, Appropriation, and Mylovin.

By this time it is no doubt plain that citing examples of soldier language is a lot easier than making definitive statements about it. Until the last enemy-held territory has been occupied, the last new weapon developed, and the last uniformed civilian discharged, there will be no hardening of the mold. Only when the war for all of us is in the past tense will we be able to collect and classify and evaluate the changes which it has wrought in our speech. But this much is plain today. World War II is the central experience of the generation, and it will be a dominant theme in creative writing for a long time to come. So let those people who would write the novels and poems, the plays and scenarios and even the histories, know what kind of language we soldiers thought and wrote in, and what we said and how we sounded when we talked.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 605)

HENLEY:

IN HOSPITAL—DISCHARGED

It's a dream!
.....
Sudden, a spire
Wedged in the mist! O, the houses,
The long lines of lofty, gray houses,
Cross-hatched with shadow and light!
.....
Free!
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.

ART EXHIBITIONS

November

ALBANY, N. Y.

Institute of History and Art: William Waltemath, to Nov. 4; Albany Artists of the Past Century, to Dec. 2.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art: State of Maine Architecture, to Nov. 26; Prints by Paul Klee, to Dec. 3.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: Serigraphs, to Nov. 4; Pachita Crespi, to Nov. 18; Still Life and Flower Paintings, to Dec. 9; Railroad Landscapes, Nov. 9-Dec. 9; Drawings by Mauldin, Nov. 9-30; Christmas Story, Nov. 18-Dec. 9.

Walters Gallery: Ivory Carvings, to Dec. 2.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Cranbrook Academy: New Directions, Nov. 4-25; Modern Art in Advertising, Nov. 10-30.

BOSTON, MASS.

Boris Mirski Art Gallery: Paintings by Marta Adams, to Nov. 25.

Institute of Modern Art: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, to Nov. 4; Forbidden Art in the Third Reich, Nov. 13-Dec. 9.

Museum of Fine Arts: 1000 Years of Landscape, to Dec. 9; Paintings by Charles H. Woodbury, Nov. 15-Dec. 16.

Public Library: Monotypes of devastated France by Nicolas Pierre Unterstella, through Nov. 19; Prints and Drawings by Charles H. Woodbury, Nov. 15-Dec. 16.

Vose Galleries: Beauty Spots of the British Isles, to Nov. 10; Portrait Figurines by Helen Blair, Nov. 5-24; Watercolors by John Whorf, Nov. 13-Dec. 1 .

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Albright Art Gallery: Patteran, Pictures and Sculptures for the Contemporary Home, Nov. 3-25; Built in U. S. A., Modern American Architecture, Nov. 14-Dec. 5.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Carolina Art Association: 3rd Exhibition of the Merchant Seamen of the U. S., Nov. 5 through Nov. 26; City Planning for Charleston, through Nov.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Academy of Fine Arts: C. N. Werntz, to Nov. 8.

Art Institute: Richard Bowman and Russell Woeltz, to Nov. 4; 56th Annual American Exhibition, Oils, to Jan. 1; Watercolors by George Fred Keck and Samuel A. Marx, Nov. 8-Dec. 16; Early Middle Western Buildings, Drawings by Kenneth Becker, Nov. 9-Jan. 2; Chinese Costumes and Accessories, to Feb. 3.

Associated American Artists: Aaron Bohrod, to Nov. 15; Frank Kleinholz, Nov. 16-30.

Mandel Bros.: Chicago Society of Etchers, to Dec. 1.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Taft Museum: China and the Sea Trade, to Nov. 30.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: American Indian Prints, to Nov. 15; Art of the Americas, Nov. 8 through Jan. 6; Etchings and Lithographs by Rodolphe Bresdin, Nov. 27-Jan. 13.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Gallery of Fine Arts: Contemporary Americans, to Nov. 16.

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DALLAS, TEX.

Museum of Fine Arts: Portrait of America, to Nov. 4; Fine Books and Bindings, lent by Stanley Marcus, Nov. 7-Dec. 9; 7th Texas General, Nov. 11-Dec. 2; 5th Texas Print Exhibition, Nov. 25-Jan. 6.

DECATUR, ILL.

Decatur Art Center: 3rd Exhibition of Central Illinois Artists, Nov. 4-26.

DENVER, COLO.

Art Museum: City and County Galleries—Sculpture by Marian Buchan, to Nov. 30. Chappell House Galleries—Modern French Painting (French Government Exhibition), Nov. 7-Dec. 6; Denver Artists Guild, Nov. 7-Dec. 7; Marionettes, Nov. 16-Dec. 30.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute of Arts: Built in U. S. A., to Nov. 4; American Birds and their Painters, to Nov. 20; 16th Exhibition of Michigan Artists, Nov. 13-Dec. 16.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Wadsworth Atheneum: Sports in Art, to Nov. 11; 8th Exhibition of the Connecticut Water Color Society, Nov. 17-Dec. 16.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron Art Institute: Mrs. J. W. Thorne's American Rooms in Miniature, to Dec. 2.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art: 3rd Water Color Exhibition of Kansas City Schools, and 18th and 19th Century Fans, through Nov.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

County Museum: American Furniture, through Nov. 4; Annual Exhibition of California Water Color Society, to Nov. 18.

Greek Theatre: City of Los Angeles Art Week, Nov. 1-7.

MADISON, WIS.

University of Wisconsin: Annual Wisconsin Salon of Art, Nov. 8-Dec. 3.

MASSILLON, OHIO

Massillon Museum: 10th Exhibition of Ohio Residents, to Nov. 30.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Paintings by John McCrady, Lamar Dodd, Alexandre Hogue, Xavier Gonzales, Crafts by John Poore, to Nov. 26.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIF.

Mills College: Evolution of Modern Art, to Dec. 2.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: Frank Lloyd Wright Architectural Exhibition, through Nov.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: 31st Exhibition of Local Artists, through Nov. 30; Arms and Armor, lent by Metropolitan Museum, through Nov.; Color Prints of Old Japan, to Dec. 2.

University Gallery: Are Clothes Modern? (Museum of Modern Art Show), to Nov. 30.

Walker Art Center: Introduction to Modern Painting, and Story of Jade, through Nov.; Races of Mankind, from Nov. 25.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Art Museum: New Jersey State Exhibition, Nov. 4-25.

NEWARK, N. J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Murray Kusanobu, to Nov. 10; Fabian Zaccone, Nov. 12-24; Coal Bill Auction Show, Nov. 24-Dec. 8.

Museum: Art of the Potter, to Nov. 13; United Nations, to Nov. 30; Painters of Today, from Nov. 2. Junior Museum, Art in Children's Living, through Nov.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Photographs and Drawings from "Plantation Parade," Nov. 4-Dec. 8; Russian Exhibition, and Ralph Brewer, Nov. 4-Dec. 9.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Tromka, to Nov. 17; Martyl, Nov. 12-30.

Argent Galleries: 42 W. 57 St.: Margaret Abell and Mabel K. Hatt, to Nov. 10; 54th Exhibition of the Society of Ceramic Arts, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Paintings by Ivan LeLorraine Albright and Zsissly, to Nov. 10; Recent paintings by James Chapin, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: 19th and 20th Century American Artists, to Nov. 10; Recent paintings by Revington Arthur, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

Barzansky Gallery, 664 Madison Ave.: Joseph V. Gatto, to Nov. 10; Rothbart, Nov. 10-30.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: 19th Century French Paintings, to Nov. 17; Salvador Dali, Nov. 20-Dec. 29.

Bonestell Gallery, 18 E. 57 St.: Edythe Wallach and Siv Holme, to Nov. 10; Paintings by Bessie Lasky, Nov. 12-24.

(Continued on next page)

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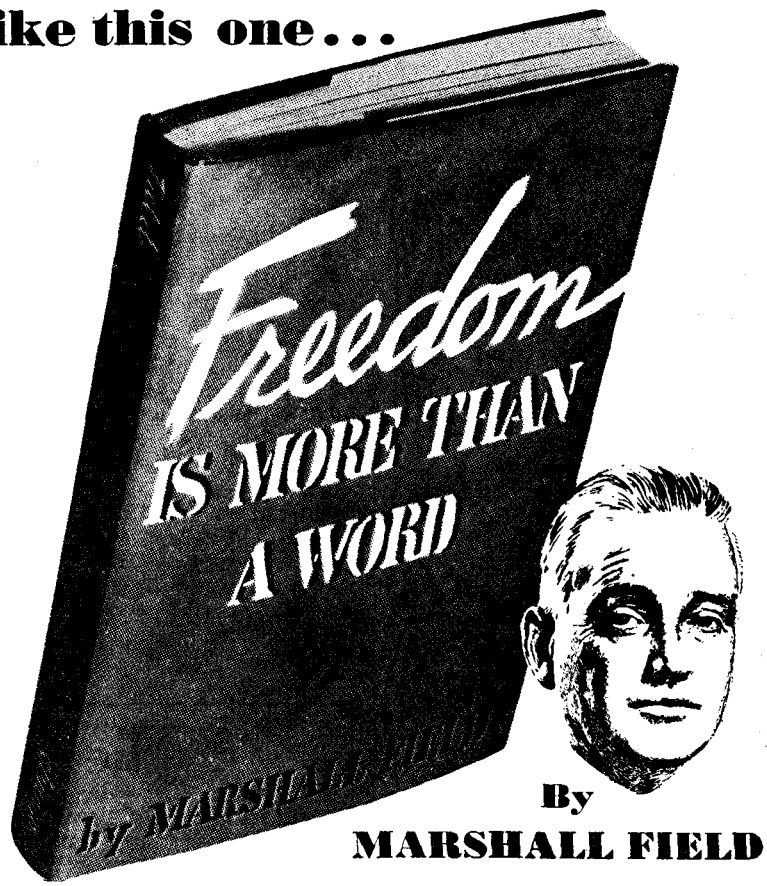

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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: Life on the Mississippi, prints, to Dec. 10; Landscape Painting, Nov. 8 through Dec. 31.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Roger de la Fresnaye, to Nov. 10; Alexander Calder, Nov. 13-Dec. 31.

Carroll Carstairs Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Drawings by Van Truex, to Nov. 22.

Contemporary Arts, Inc., 106 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Grace Barron, Minerva Bourne, and Vincent Campanella, Nov. 5-28.

Douthitt Galleries, Inc., 9 E. 57 St.: John Charles Fremont, Nov. 12-17.

Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: Group show, New Paintings and Sculptures by American Artists, Nov. 6-30.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Walt Kuhn, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

Durlacher Bros., 11 E. 57 St.: 9th Annual Exhibition of Old Master Drawings, to Nov. 24.

Eighth St. Gallery, 33 W. 8th St.: Recent Paintings by William Fisher, to Nov. 11; Gotham Painters, Nov. 12-25; Ernest L. Sumner, Nov. 26-Dec. 1.

Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.: Mariano, to Nov. 3; Antonin Pelc, to Nov. 10.

Ferargil Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Hayley Lever, to Nov. 15; Water Colors by William Boyhan, Nov. 12-26.

Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 St.: Memorial Show for Käthe Kollwitz, Nov. 14-Dec. 25.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Frederic Whitaker, to Nov. 10; Founders Show, to Nov. 15.

Grand Central Galleries, Branch, 55 E. 57 St.: J. Barry Greene, to Nov. 10.

Jane Street Gallery, 35 Jane St.: Nell Blaine, to Nov. 17.

Jewish Community Center, 6 Fifth Ave.: Saul Raskin, to Nov. 15.

Kleemann Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: Modern Mexicans, to Nov. 30.

Knoedler's, 14 E. 57 St.: Mexican Painting, arranged by Ines Amor, Nov. 5-24.

Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Carl Holty, to Nov. 24.

Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Sculpture by Koren der Harootian, to Nov. 17; Water Colors by Marion Monks Chase, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

Mortimer Levitt Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Denny Winters, through Nov. 17; Annual Group Show, Nov. 19-30.

Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Portocarrero, Nov. 5-30.

Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Frederick Serger, through Nov. 10; Storybook Quilts by Marion Cheever Whiteside, Ceramics by Natzlers, Jewelry by Zegorav, Nov. 24-Dec. 31.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: New work in tempera and watercolor by Andrew Wyeth, to Nov. 17.

Madison Square Garden, 307 W. 49 St.: 22nd Annual Women's International Exhibition, Nov. 13-18.

Marquie Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Gattorno, to Nov. 17; Arnold Friedlan, Nov. 26-Dec. 15.

Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Recent drawings by Henri Matisse, through Nov. 17.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: Islamic Metalwork, to Nov. 25; Old Mexican Pottery (closing indefinite); English Needlework, 16th, 17th, 18th Centuries, Nov. 6-Dec. 2; Prints, Late 16th and early 17th Centuries, from Nov. 17. Junior Museum, Paul Revere and The Horse, continuing.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Waldo Peirce, Nov. 5-Dec. 1.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Helen Sawyer, to Nov. 10; Hilda Kayn, Nov. 19-30.

Modernage Gallery, 16 E. 34 St.: H. Shoulberg and S. Hendrick, to Nov. 10.

Morton Galleries, 117 W. 58 St.: Ballet pictures by Mo Com, to Nov. 10; Jean Hogan, Nov. 12-24.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: Tinsel Pin-ups, to Jan. 21.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Museum Collection of Painting and Sculpture, to Nov. 4; Elements of Design, through Nov. 18; Art for War Veterans

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
METHINKS THE LADY *Guy Endore* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Murder of woman charged to psychoanalyst's wife with split personality, encephalitis, and other things. Doctors thresh it out in court.	More a case-book on psychoanalysis than murder story—and a fascinating, terrifying, and apparently well documented dissecting of submerged human emotions.	Not for the squeamish
RUMOR HATH IT *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder drops in on wealthy Michiganders—which worries family Mr. Fixit—Cornelius Izenga. Crimes cleared up by suave Lieut. French.	Best of a good lot of French stories and real contribution to current mysteries. Baffling, amusing, and very well written.	Full marks
THE DEAD LIE STILL *William L. Stuart* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Fatal truck fire outside bar starts Sam Talbot, sketching-sleuth, on trail of murderous anti-Americans.	Swift, action packed, and believable tale of war-time intrigue, with several slayings and a new hawkshaw who bears watching.	Good stuff—in the tough bracket

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and Costume Carnival, to Nov. 25; Useful Objects, Nov. 21 through Jan. 6; Stuart Davis, to Feb. 3, 1946.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54 St.: Alice Mattern Memorial Exhibition, to Nov. 30.

National Academy Galleries, Fifth Ave. at 90th St.: Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Etchers and of Miniature Prints, to Nov. 9.

National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park: 2nd Annual Exhibition of the N. Y. C. Chapter of the American Artists Professional League, to Nov. 9.

New-Age Gallery, 138 W. 15 St.: Our Artists' Choice (group show), Nov. 5-24.

Newhouse Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Twenty Selected American Artists and their Selections for Christmas Gifts, Nov. 27-Dec. 24.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 32nd Exhibition of Allied Artists of America, to Nov. 25; The Swedish Nightingale, through Dec. 31.

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42 St.: French Book Illustration, to Dec. 15.

Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E. 57 St.: Mexican Art, Carlos Merida, Nov. 6-30.

Niveau Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: The Great Seven (19th Century French Painting), to Nov. 9; David Aronson, Nov. 10-30.

Norlyst Gallery, 59 W. 56 St.: Ilse Bechhold Getz, to Nov. 17; Jimmy Ernst, Nov. 15-30.

Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt, to Nov. 17; Jose de Creeft, Nov. 20-Dec. 15.

Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St : Mario Carreno, Nov. 5-Dec. 1.

Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave.: Stark Young, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.

Rockefeller Center, Mezzanine Galleries, 30 Rockefeller Plaza: Portrait of America (Pepsi-Cola Exhibition), Nov. 13-Dec. 15.

Paul Rosenberg and Co., 16 E. 57 St.: Hélion, Nov. 5-24.

Tribune Book and Art Center, 100 W. 42 St.: E. Kramer and I. Rothenstein, to Nov. 14.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Ave.: Exhibition of Paintings by students of the State University of Iowa, to Nov. 7.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8 St.: Ralph Earl, to Nov. 21.

Wildenstein and Co., 19 E. 64 St.: Camille Pissarro, to Nov. 24.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Smith College Museum of Art: Collection Société Anonyme, Abstracts, to Nov. 30.

NORWICH, CONN.

Slater Memorial Museum: Community Planning, to Nov. 6.

OAKLAND, CALIF.

Art Gallery: Annual Exhibition of Water Colors and Prints, to Nov. 4; Paintings by artist members of the National League of American Pen Women, Inc., Berkeley Branch, also Selections from the Permanent Collection, Nov. 11-28.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Municipal Auditorium: 27th Annual Exhibition of the Oklahoma Artists' Association, Nov. 4-30.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Academy of Fine Arts: 43rd Annual Exhibition of Watercolors, Prints, Drawings, and Miniatures, through Nov. 25.
Art Alliance: Industrial Design by Sundberg and Ferar, to Nov. 9; Paintings by Henry O. Tanner, to Nov. 11.
Artists Gallery: Prints by Peter Sager, to Nov. 6.
Museum of Art: Artists of Philadelphia Press, to Nov. 17.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Painting in the U. S., 1945, to Dec. 9; Current American Prints, to Dec. 30.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Arts and Crafts Association, Watercolors by Phyllis Y. Riehl, Paintings by Douwe H. Feenstra, Sculpture by pupils of Miss Franc Epping, through November.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Sculpture by Frederick Littman, and Prints by American Artists, lent by Federal Works Project, to Dec. 1; Paintings by Matthew Barnes, Nov. 4-Dec. 2.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Museum of Art: Paintings and Lithographs by Géricault, to Dec. 2; Art of Daumier, Nov. 7-Dec. 2.

RICHMOND, VA.

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: British-American Good-Will Exhibition, to Nov. 14.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: Soviet Children's Art, to Nov. 4; Wings Over the Pacific, to Nov. 14; Mid-Western Museum Association, Prints, Nov. 1-30; Two by Four Society, Nov. 5-30; Oceanic Art, Nov. 10-Dec. 10; 5th Annual Missouri Exhibition, Nov. 17-Dec. 17.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Gallery and School of Art: L. Feininger, to Nov. 25.
Hamline University Galleries: The Graphic Arts, to Nov. 17.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Witte Memorial Museum: Paintings and Drawings by Robert Engelking, Nov. 4-22.

(*Continued on next page*)

Susan Glaspell's

new novel

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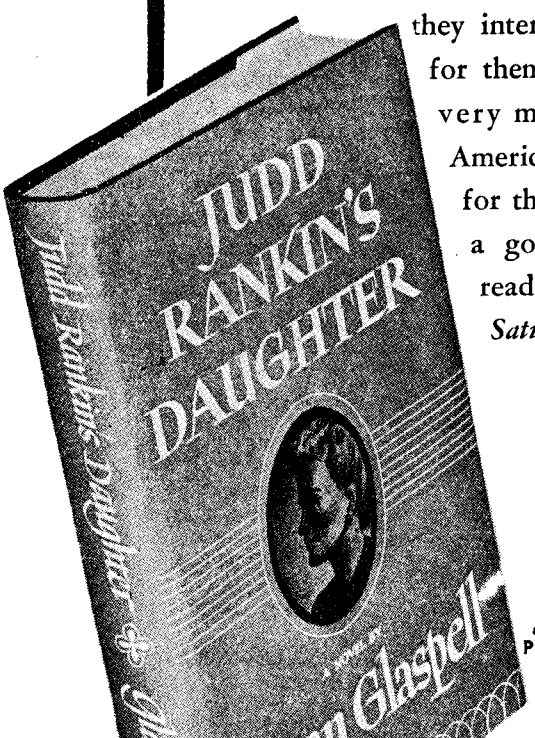

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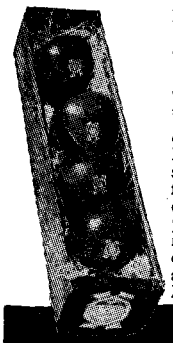

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SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Annual Show of Arts and Crafts, Abbott Collection of Amphibious Operations, Early American Fabrics, through Nov.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Ecclesiastical Sculpture and Religious Folk Art of the Southwest, to Jan. 2; Annual Exhibition of the Society for Sanity in Art, Nov. 4-Dec. 30; Photographs by George Barrows, Nov. 16-Jan. 2.

M. H. De Young Memorial Museum: Architecture in the Netherlands, Drawings by Charles Horton, Paintings, Drawings and Lithographs by Alfred Kubin, Paintings from the Presidio Hill School, and Two Hundred Years of Laces, through Nov.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Art Museum: Northwest Artists Annual, to Nov. 4.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings by Eric Isenburger, and Sculpture by Henry Rox, through Nov.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Art Museum: Local artists, and Balinese Paintings, through Nov.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Museum of Fine Arts: Forging the Future (photo murals), Modern Triptychs for the Army and Navy, Rare Lace, Aquachromes by Wilfred J. Addison, through Nov.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Swope Art Gallery: Painters of Brown County, to Nov. 18.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Museum of Art: Paintings of the French Countryside, to Nov. 25.

TULSA, OKLA.

Philbrook Art Center: Art in Religion, to Dec. 4.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery: Sculpture and Jewelry by Electra Waggoner, through Nov. 18; Corcoran Alumni and Students Sales Exhibition, Nov. 4 through 25; Lieut. Mitchell Jamieson, U. S. N. R., Nov. 18 through Dec. 9.

National Gallery: American Art Week, Nov. 2-30.

Smithsonian Institution: 8th Metropolitan State Art Contest, Nov. 2-28; U. S. Marine Corps Combat Artists, Nov. 10-Dec. 9.

WICHITA, KAN.

Art Association Galleries: Paintings by Russell Cheney, and Animal Sculpture by Madaleine Park, through Nov.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Delaware Art Center: 32nd Annual Delaware Show, Nov. 4-Dec. 2.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y.

Rudolph Galleries: Annual Fall Exhibition of Contemporary Woodstock Artists, to Nov. 15.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Paintings by Philip Evergood for the Russian War Relief Calendar, Nov. 4-18; Ancient Peruvian Textiles, and Etchings by Goya, Nov. 4-25; Contemporary American Prints, Nov. 18-Jan. 1.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Palmer Underseas Paintings, to Nov. 4; Pennsylvania Academy Traveling Show, Nov. 4-Dec. 2; Etchings by Lauren Ford, Nov. 9-Dec. 9.

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En Route to American Statehood

OPPORTUNITY IN ALASKA. By George Sundborg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

MORE unadulterated nonsense has been written about Alaska than any other place on this tortured globe, save only Texas. Few people who can use a thesaurus or punch a typewriter ever have flown over Alaska or gone there on a two weeks' cruise without producing a book on what they invariably call "the Land of the Midnight Sun." The result has been some of the most inaccurate and exaggerated manuscripts ever to roll off an Underwood portable. Reading this hodgepodge of Alaskan "literature," the average citizen is about as likely to be well informed on his country's largest Territorial possession as he would be on wildlife from studying "Danny Meadow Mouse" or "Jimmy Skunk."

On my return from military service in Alaska, I was asked questions about my experiences which led me to wonder whether I had served in the sub-Arctic or on the Rue de la Paix. But I have resolved to answer no more silly questions regarding Alaska. I shall merely hand the questioners a printed slip giving the address of the nearest bookstore and the price of George Sundborg's "Opportunity in Alaska."

This book is the Baedeker, Dun and Bradstreet, and "World Almanac" of Alaska, all rolled into one. It is indispensable to anyone who would understand the problems and possibilities of America's most strategic Territory. Furthermore, examination by an alienist should be prescribed for the person who contemplates settlement in Alaska without reading Mr. Sundborg's book.

"Opportunity in Alaska" is a compendium of interesting facts—that the average inhabitant of Alaska throughout the Territory's history has stayed there only three weeks, that less than fifteen per cent of the white residents of Alaska are born there, that Sitka has a milder climate than New England, that thunderstorms never occur in Alaska, that Juneau is far warmer than North Dakota or Wyoming, that Alaska has nearly four white men to every white woman, that Alaska has almost three times the proportion of foreign-born than the continental United States has and that most of these stem from Norway.

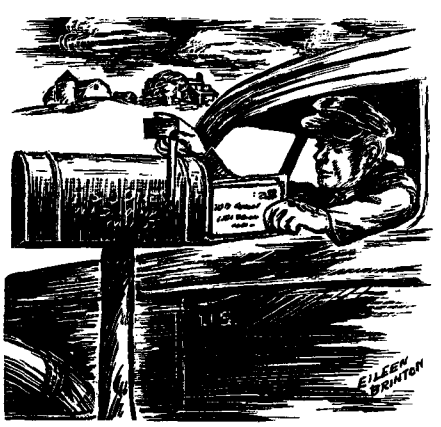
But principally Mr. Sundborg's book discusses economic possibilities in Alaska. He takes them up, trade by trade: agriculture, logging and lumbering, mining, retail business, fishing and canning, transportation, recreation and the tourist trade. He analyzes all the potential openings—from running a beauty parlor at Anchorage to felling spruce in the Tongass National Forest.

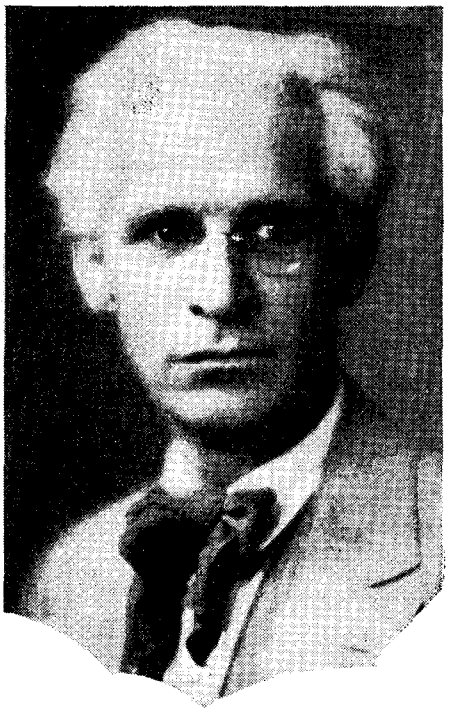
Mr. Sundborg is hopeful and optimistic without being ebullient. He urges no Florida real-estate boom in the North. He cautions that development must be careful and slow. But he also shows that the possibilities are there—that while rain will not mature successfully in Alaska, that berry fruits and hardy vegetables can be grown and butter and cheese of high quality produced.

"Opportunity in Alaska" points out that a man can make a beginning in Alaska and not need much capital to start with. This is particularly true in the lumber industry. Large quantities of standing timber are available along the Territory's famous "panhandle." Streams tumbling down fiord cliffs to the sea offer water power at low cost, so that sawmills can be operated inexpensively. Mr. Sundborg mentions that three newcomers have just opened a small plant at Ketchikan manufacturing spruce oars, pike poles, peavies, and cant hooks.

Mr. Sundborg is no promoter of Alaska at the expense of truth. He exposes the Territory's deficiencies as quickly as he cites its hopeful future. High freight costs have long hampered Alaska, he contends. Mr. Sundborg is also critical of Alaska's Territorial status. He contends that governmental services are wholly inadequate, a fact emphasized by Governor Ernest Gruening during his heroic but unsuccessful attempts to tax the mining companies and canneries which have extracted great wealth from the North.

Eventually, adds the author of "Opportunity in Alaska," the Territory will become a state, the forty-ninth star in the American flag. In the fall of 1946 Alaskans will vote at a referendum on the statehood issue, and an affirmative decision will solve many present difficulties, in Mr. Sundborg's opinion.





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the Phoenix Nest

THE SHEEP MEADOW

APPROPRIATELY, in the great sheep meadow,
A hopeful million think like valiant sheep;
The parent, sister, sweetheart, wife or widow
Their ancient predeceased opinions keep.

O cautious men who get us into trouble
(And reckless dreamers have to get us out)
A broken world destroyed by talking double
Would hail one speech of truth with such a shout!

The artist who dreams beauty, looks at it
To see what circumstance corroborates:
There is another atom to be split—
The fatal rivalry of sovereign states.

So brace your minds, good sheep, and be fanatics:
The speed of thought arrives, if Einstein's right,
As swift as poetry or mathematics—
The square of the velocity of Light.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

* * *

I am glad to hear from the *Scholastic Magazine,* whose poetry contests I have helped judge several times, as follows:

Every office should have a twenty-fifth anniversary every few years to give it that pause that refreshes. The Literary Awards department has just been refreshed by taking a look at the people *Scholastic* discovered along the way.

The bright star is Gladys Schmitt, who left this office three years ago when her first novel, "The Gates of Aulis," was published. Since then Gladys has contributed to *Collier's, Harper's Bazaar,* and *Mademoiselle* —six or eight stories. She has also written a prodigious novel on King David, running to over a thousand pages of MS, has taught creative writing at Carnegie Tech, and been Mrs. Simon Goldfield. The Literary Guild has chosen "King David" as one of its coming selections, for which our Gladys gets $30,000 in cold cash. The movie companies are dickering for the screen rights, we hear, at one of those figures which Hollywood is always throwing around but which nobody actually believes can exist. Some day we may find out that an ex-*Scholastic* writer really saw that much money, and then we'll know it isn't a fable.

Another up-and-coming Award winner is William Kehoe, who came into the office the other day after giving us a plug on four radio programs and writing an article for us. William's novel recently won the Avery Hopwood Award. "A Sweep of Dusk," it's good. He's also reviewing books for the *Times* and hard at work on his second novel, which, he says, will be much more mature. The first sounded downright mature for a novelist of twenty, which was his age when he wrote it.

Laurette Virginia Pizer, who won poetry awards twice, called up not long ago to ask about *Young Voices,* and said that she was writing a novel. That's all we know about it.

Elizabeth Anne McFarland, who is now doing the Poetry Page and the Round Table, is a former winner also.

Winfield T. Scott, a poetry winner of several years ago, is Literary Editor of the *Providence Journal* and author of "Biography of Traman," "To Marry Strangers" (Crowell), and other volumes of poetry. The critics take him very seriously. He wrote an article for us for the Anniversary Issue.

Maureen Daly, whose prize-winning short story of 1938, "Sixteen," has been widely reprinted, is also author of "Seventeenth Summer," which was just reprinted in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Maureen is editor of the sub-deb department in the *Journal,* and has just done an article on writing for youth.

Hansford Martin, a poetry winner, had a story in *Harper's* last winter, and it was good. Another story of his ran in *Collier's* last month, and he has contributed to *The New Yorker.*

Mary Vardoulakis won a story prize in 1940 and has since written a Dodd, Mead prize novel about Crete which grew out of her story.

Lionel Wiggam, poet and short-story writer, has contributed to *Poetry* and other magazines. So has Dorothy Emerson, who once edited our poetry page. She was reprinted in "The Best Poems of 1944," edited by Oscar Williams.

Irwin Shapiro, who worked in our social studies department for a time last year, was a prize winner in poetry who has published several stories and books for young people, mostly on our folk-lore characters such as Davy Crockett and Old Stormalong.

We can't help thinking we can pick 'em.

* * *

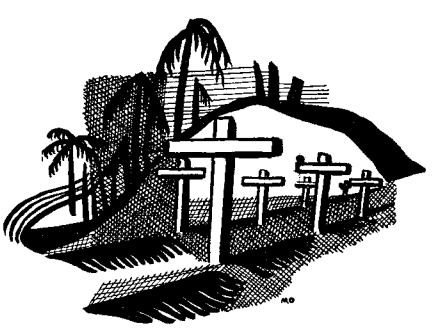
It was stupid of me not to know of Mark Van Doren's book, and I stand corrected by the following letter from George G. Leckie of Washington Square South, New York City:

I happened to notice Victor S. Yarros's letter in your column for October 13, especially the reference to the "One Hundred Great Books." I was astonished to see the compilations of Miss Loveman offered as the answer to an unambiguous question; for there is no ambiguity in the capitals of the title, since it's generally known that the list is given on page 150 of Mark Van Doren's "Liberal Education." I thought perhaps some *jeu d'esprit*—Phoenix wit—might be involved too subtle for me. But then I recalled that an editor's life is a busy one: Perhaps Van Doren's book escaped the editorial eye. I hope the error can be corrected.

I am further interested in Mr. Yarros's letter because I am part of an adult group that has begun to read and to discuss Van Doren's list of books. So far we have found the books more authentic than the controversies about them.

* * *

The recent Amaterazu poem I published interested Mrs. Huntington so much that it reminded her of the following:



SHINTO SHRINE, TOKYO

The golden mean of China
And of Greece,
Not anything too much,
Is in this place.

Man's hand is less intrusion
Than a seal
On what the sun and wind
Subtly reveal.

No color here disturbs
The peace of wood;
The satin weathering
Brings quietude.

The patina of weather,
Rain and sun,
Past man's unrest, induce
Oblivion.

VIRGINIA E. HUNTINGTON.

* * *

From the Hawaiian Islands E. Dickinson, one of our men in the service, sends me the following, which certainly seems to me a bombshell:

THE TRAGEDY OF ATOMIC LOVE
or
You Take Her, Joe, I Don't Wanna Be Vaporized

Sextronically my hormones negate;
Lovtronically hers attract.
My God! should we ever osculate—
Our ashes would radioact!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
2. "Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett.
3. "Kind Lady," by Edward Chodorov.
4. "Rebecca," by Daphne DuMaurier.
5. "My Last Duchess," by Robert Browning.
6. "Ruddigore," by W. S. Gilbert.
7. "A Lantern in Her Hand," by Bess Streeter Aldrich.
8. "You Can't Take It with You," by Kaufman and Hart.
9. "The White Monkey," by John Galsworthy.
10. "Trilby," by George DuMaurier.

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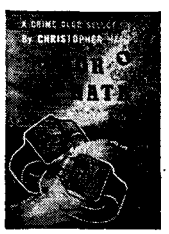
Clues from the CRIME CLUB

SOME mystery writers dream up such original plots that the reader is inclined to be charitable if the style isn't all it should be. And some are so clever with words that you hardly know until the end that the plot is old hat. But sometimes (come in, CHRISTOPHER HALE) you get such perfection in both departments that you wonder how you could ever have been satisfied with anything less. Mr. Hale sees no reason why a murder tale should breed literary mayhem. Both *Hangman's Tie* and *Midsummer Nightmare,* his previous Crime Club Selections, were noteworthy for their sheer readability and wry humor, and when it comes to character portrayal, Mr. Hale—to use a cliché he would never be guilty of—is in a class by himself.

He doesn't depend entirely on his fascinating Lieutenant French of the Michigan State Police, though he could very well, for French is an irresistible combination of social grace and professional toughness. What Hale does is to place one particular character in a position where he has French's ear—though not always his confidence—and things just naturally pop from this cautious team-work.

RUMOR HATH IT, the November Crime Club Selection, is as tidy a union of satire and villainy as a master can make it. And MR. CORNELIUS IZENGA, who steals the spotlight in a thoroughly nice way from French, is a unique character in mystery fiction. "Mr. Izenga was loaded with secrets. He wasn't a gossip. He talked little. He was more like a sponge whose holes are furnished with ears. . . . It was said he had been born with a white tie in his mouth, and many were sorry it hadn't choked him." He stood on his dignity, as the "noted curator of Lawnsdale's private life," because, "When you've been told that you look like a supercilious little egg (even tho' the speaker was drunk) and you angrily suspect it is true, you need all the dignity you can get."



And it was that quality, plus a surprising steeliness in one so exquisitely mannered, which worked to Lieut. French's advantage, when he saw that the Pomeroy murder case would be a closed one, unless MR. IZENGA induced everyone concerned to open his well-bred mouth.

How IZENGA, who had his tapering finger on the town's wealthy pulse, accomplished this makes **RUMOR HATH IT** a mystery in the *Hale* tradition: brimming over with humor that's sly . . . satire that's gentle . . . and a plot that's a knockout.

The Gunman

PERSONALS

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 45*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

RECENTLY in a DC I appropriated from *WNI* an expression new to my vocabulary, "odd-come-short." So it was with a familiar start that I ran across it in *The New Yorker* for Sept. 29 in a masterly article by Rebecca West, "A Reporter at Large: The Crown Versus William Joyce (Lord Haw Haw)." In describing the room of the trial she comments: "Bare boards fill it in (a glass dome shattered by bombing) giving an odd-come-short look to what used to be an austerely fine room."

Several citizens of the Badger State, including George Boissart and Prof. George Wagner, have scoffed at my appellation of Oshkosh in a DC as a summer resort. So is it labelled in the Gazetteer Section of *WNI*.

Another discrepancy I found, this time in *WBD*, I am about to take up with the publishers. It was called to my attention by Mrs. B. S. Leslie, Beverly, Mass. Word T, puzzle 33, Series 17, reads: "American historical painter (1813-84: 'Spirit of '76'"), and the answer required is "Matteson." Now Matteson in *WBD* is listed as the painter of many popular historical works widely known for their reproductions, as "Spirit of '76," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The First Sabbath of the Pilgrims," "Washington's Inaugural," "Eliot Preaching to the Indians." Mrs. Leslie has just sent me from the pages of a magazine a reproduction of this "Spirit of '76" under which is printed: "Originally entitled 'Yankee Doodle' it was painted by Archibald M. Willard, a veteran of the Civil War, for exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876. The painting was presented to Marblehead by Gen. J. W. Devereux, 'in memory of brave men of Marblehead who have died in battle for their country'." No such person as Archibald Willard is listed in any capacity in *WBD*. Can any of you shed more light on this evident contradiction?

My explanation about the mixup in No. 599 will, I hope, answer, in general, comments that have come since I wrote that column from: Mrs. Louise H. Bash, Palo Alto, who enjoyed the experience; Gordon Stuart Mosher, Long Beach, Calif., who with his wife thanks us for the error; Helen A. Bagley, Philadelphia, who liked the Rittenhouse unkeyed word in another DC, as familiar to her; Theodore M. Leinbach, Reading, Pa., who comments favorably on the type of quotation we give him; Amy Parks, Little Compton, R. I.; J. I. Thomas, Duluth; Mary O. Pollard, Middlebury, Vt.; Mrs. Grace Utt, Los Angeles.

You may recall Charles Grant, Chicago, who last spring found a copy of the *SRL* on a street car and was intrigued into doing the DC. He now accomplishes the feat in about three hours uniformly.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 606

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 38 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A fragment of a brittle substance.
B. Japanese commander of the Philippines campaign.
C. Indifferent; without inclination or spirit.
D. Very small yellow-headed titmouse, Texas to California and southwest.
E. Confines or shuts up, as in a cage.
F. Phoenician goddess of fertility, war, etc.
G. Fatty; obese (Med.)
H. American journalist, playwright, novelist (1881-).
I. Nodding; drooping.
J. Founder of Wellesley College.
K. Aromatic herb whose curled leaves are used in soups and salads.
L. Cloth remnant (Comp.)
M. Humiliated; affected by gangrene.
N. Epithet of Artemis or Hecate as a lunar deity (Gr. Relig.)
O. Muddy; turbid; thick.
P. One of the Marshall Islands; scene of recent Japanese defeat.
Q. Characterized by slender build and slight muscular development (Anthropol.)
R. House sparrows (Comp.)
S. Indigo.
T. Head blows (Boxing slang).
U. Vice-President, U. S., 1933-41.
V. Common small finches of the Old World (name derived from flaxseed food).
W. Last stage in playing a hand, when positions of the important cards are generally known (Whist; 2 wds.)
X. Bombastic, turgid discourse.

WORDS

107 138 66 101 8

70 109 32 116 40 132 173 18 164

163 20 127 27 83 68 49 144

84 48 51 89 142 56

165 74 38 95 137 81

158 126 171 11 150 28 113 50 19

60 61 133 121 170 44 39 92

148 29 33 77 99

122 145 62 160 152 46

114 30 69 58 79 154

12 168 103 140 94 124 24

5 57 123 67 3 21 169 73 155 151 86 41

128 75 115 14 82 25 97 52 161

162 2 130 22 117 13 135 76 16 34

59 17 91 6 112 102 96 31

139 147 118 4 37 166 129 42

26 63 72 47 156 88 90 9

35 1 71 131 125 45 172 106 120

87 143 105 7

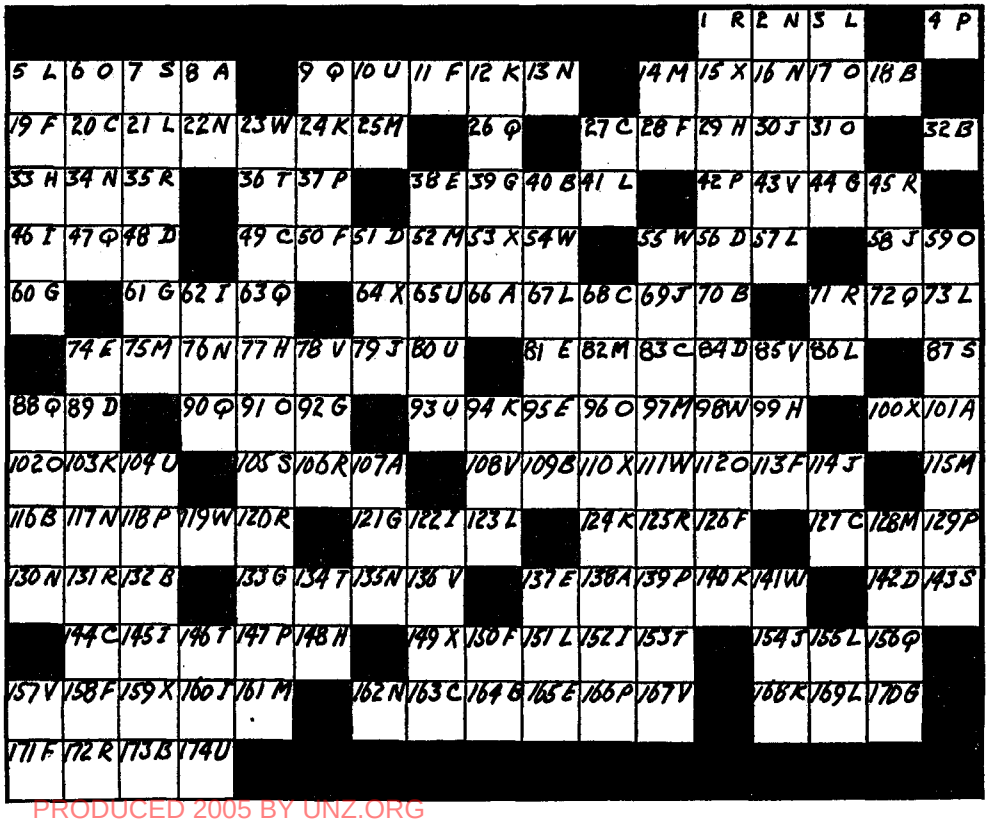
146 134 36 153

80 10 174 104 93 65

136 78 43 157 85 108 167

23 98 119 111 55 54 141

15 53 149 64 159 110 100



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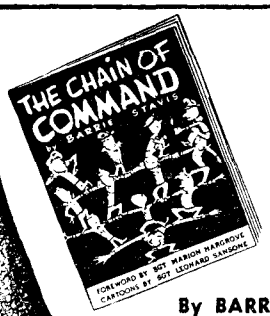

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